Vol. CXXVII. No. 1654.

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THE BYSTANDER, AUGUST 28, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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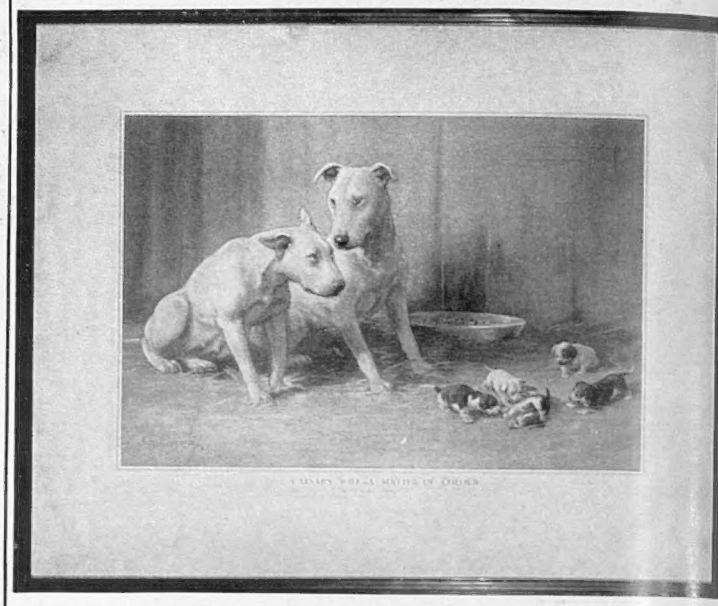

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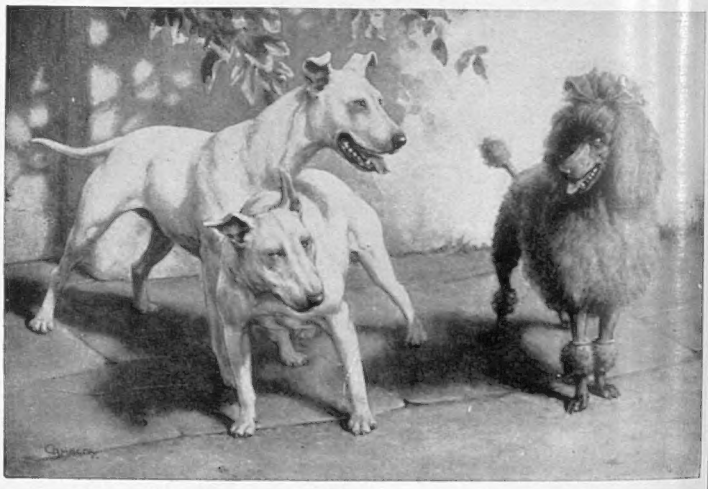

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The Bystander, August 28, 1935

No. 1654. Vol. CXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

MADGE EVANS—THE GIRL IN "THE TUNNEL"

Madge Evans, the Hollywood star who came to England to play in the Gaumont-British film, "The Tunnel," has finished her work over here, and went back to her own country last week. She's a New Yorker, twenty-six years old, has been in pictures since she was six, was a child star in 1919, and got back to the same level as a grown-up a year or two ago, in the M.-G.-M. studios. In "The Tunnel," which is all about the building of a tunnel under the Atlantic, she's the wife of the chief engineer, and he is another American, Richard Dix. The film is still being made, under Maurice Elvey's direction; the tunnel itself is by way of reaching its New York goal some time this week

Lord and Lady Lincoln

Have been staying with Lady Seafield and her husband at Cullen House. He is the Duke of Newcastle's only son and Lady Lincoln is American and was Eugenia Van Voorhees

Lady Seafield and Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert

Lady Seafield and her husband are shooting the Cullen moors in Banffshire and have had a party staying with them at Cullen House. They spend a good deal of their time up there—not only the few weeks when it is fashionable to "go North"

Below: Major Colin MacRae of Feoirlinn and Lord Dumfries at the North Bute Highland Games, one of the first off the local events on the west coast of Scotland. Major MacRae married Lord Dumfries' aunt, Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart; he is chieftain of the Clan MacRae

All Scottish

Grouse, Golf and Games

These two are the Vicomte de Chambure and the Marquis de Caraman, who are both well-known in Paris banking circles; they were shooting at Glenisla

A Wet Day for the Crieff Gathering

Lord Ancaster, his son, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, and Mr. Hedley Ewing went to the Crieff Games in spite of the weather. Lord Ancaster's place in Scotland is Drummond Castle, at Crieff

The Wernhers' Son and Daughter

Alex Wernher is Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher's only son ; he is seventeen and his sister Georgina, is a year younger. They have a still younger sister born in 1925. They were playing golf on the Gleneagles Hotel course

Princess Juliana and the Duke of Atholl

Princess Juliana of the Netherlands had the Duke of Atholl to escort her to the Crieff Gathering. Princess Juliana and her mother, the Queen of the Netherlands, have been in Scotland now for about three weeks

Right : Lady Isobel and Lady Ursula Manners are also in Scotland and have been playing golf at North Berwick, which is now full of club-swingers

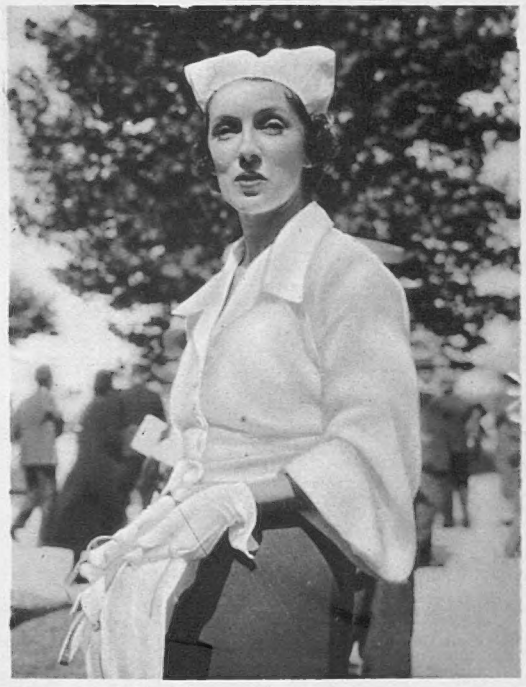
Beach Talk

These two are the attractive twenty-year-old Florrie Owen, and Mrs. Sherwood, who was Peggy Moore, of New York. Florrie Owen is a real cosmopolitan, with a father who lives in Paris, an American mother (Mrs. C. du Pont Coudert), and a personal taste for London

Right: Mrs. Geoffrey Joel was at Deauville for the big week before joining her husband, who has been shooting in Scotland. They go to Johannesburg for the winter. She was Peggy Marsh, the American dancer, before her marriage

The Lejeune Sisters

Mme. Constance Lejeune and her sister, Mlle. Blanche Lejeune, know everything about French racing, and Mme. Lejeune has now started a stable in England. They were watching polo—the final of the Coupe Gramont



Mrs. Geoffrey Joel

Deauville

Casual Impressions of the "Grande Semaine"

Lord Dufferin

Takes a long, long look at his race card in the Deauville paddock. He and Lady Dufferin have been over there for quite a while

Right: Captain Brau, H. S. Backhouse, M. H. Menier, and J. Gonat play polo as Les Gupéards H. S. Backhouse, the English player from the Argentine, is the captain of the team. The two lovelies are Mlle. Ronceray, who's keen about the game, and Mrs. John Taylor

A Polo Team on the Plage and Two Supporters

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 117

Diana Wynyard

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

DIANA WYNYARD is unquestionably the only star whose play has been suspended for seven weeks and on resumption has played at once to capacity again. I refer, of course, to *Sweet Aloes*, which is still "packing them in" at Wyndham's. But then, the heroine of the film version of *Cavalcade* is a remarkable young person. She is full of contradictions. Her real name is not Wynyard. She plays no games, but one glance at her capable hands shows that she could wield a rolling-pin with the best of them (and, indeed, she was originally intended by her family to take up domestic science). She has a virginal forehead and yet a most expressive lower lip. She read Spinosa (not Espinosa) at the age of eighteen. She has no superstitions—opening good-luck telegrams before the curtain has fallen on the first night; frequently whistling, and having no qualms about the playing of "Three Blind Mice" in the theatre. She uses unexpected phrases in a cool voice, and though she has reached the top of the tree, seems to be very much on the defensive, although she is obviously sure of herself.

HER chief passion is petit-point. She seldom goes out at night. She hates scarlet finger-nails, pretentiousness, and crystallised ginger. She is fond of Madonna blue, Austria, Sundays, and caviare. Her great gift, professionally, is that she can age six or seven years before your eyes without any extraneous aid of make-up. Nobody has been able to do that since Marie Tempest was an ingénue.

Diana Wynyard has a beautiful nose, spends two hours a week with her manicurist, and has a habit of clasping her shoulders or pointing a finger in conversation. She never courts publicity, is terrified of telephones ("All the worst things happen on the telephone"), and likes writing letters. The three parts she would like to play above all others are St. Joan, Juliet, and Catherine of Aragon. She is in no hurry to return to the pictures; has no singing voice, and is, nevertheless, the biggest box-office draw in London.

Her great friend is Peggy Ashcroft, with whom she went to school at Croydon. Her first part was when she danced in the cabaret scene of *Grand Duchess* with Laurier Lister at three pounds a week. Then came five years in the provinces in a stock company with a repertoire of forty plays. No wonder there is no nonsense about Diana Wynyard. After that, *Sorry You 've Been Troubled* and *Petticoat Influence* put her on the map, where she has remained ever since.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Girls' School for Scandal

"Tulip Time" (Alhambra Theatre)

GIRLS and giggles seem to be the keynote of this unsophisticated production which is Anne Croft's first essay in management. There are beds full of tulips, and, later on, beds full of schoolgirls. Windmills go round gaily, Dutch lads and lassies sing gay songs (with the "Love, dove, and moon up above" type of rhymes) to tunes presumably new, but which give the impression of having been played on every barrel-organ for months and months. Jean Colin, as the heroine, delivers these goods as to the manner born, looking as though she had stepped straight off the lid of a chocolate-box.

The story is taken from a play which was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre half a century ago, and called *The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown*, and though the names and venue are changed, the adventures certainly remain strange. In the midst of this bread-and-milky way, a very bright star shines in the person of Steve Geray, who, by his extraordinary charm, lifts the show on to a higher plane. His delightful impersonation of a fat and flaxen schoolgirl who is all giggles and gaucherie will not be easily forgotten.

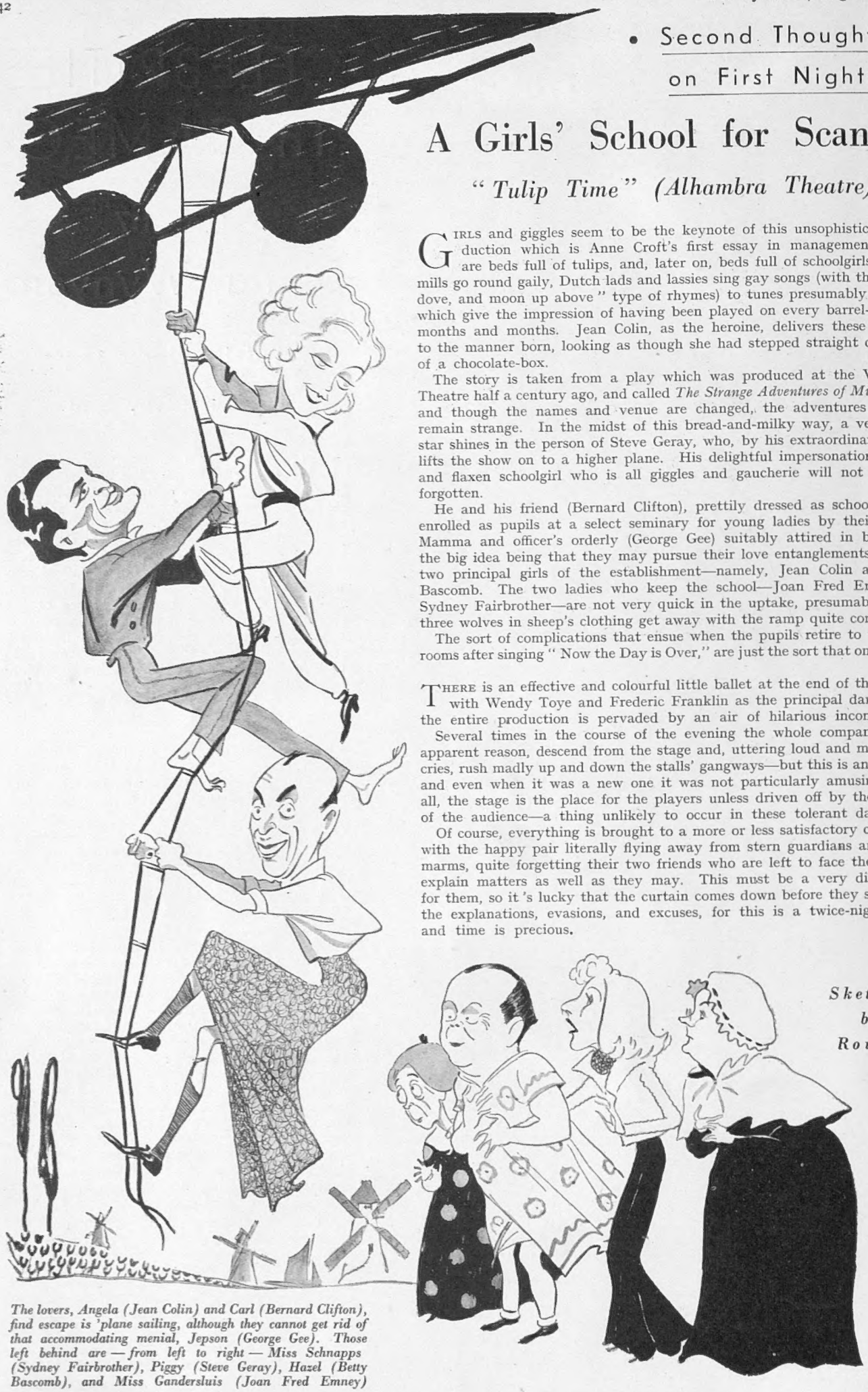
He and his friend (Bernard Clifton), prettily dressed as schoolgirls, are enrolled as pupils at a select seminary for young ladies by their pseudo-Mamma and officer's orderly (George Gee) suitably attired in beige lace, the big idea being that they may pursue their love entanglements with the two principal girls of the establishment—namely, Jean Colin and Betty Bascomb. The two ladies who keep the school—Joan Fred Emney and Sydney Fairbrother—are not very quick in the uptake, presumably, as the three wolves in sheep's clothing get away with the ramp quite comfortably.

The sort of complications that ensue when the pupils retire to their bedrooms after singing "Now the Day is Over," are just the sort that one expects.

THERE is an effective and colourful little ballet at the end of the first act with Wendy Toye and Frederic Franklin as the principal dancers, and the entire production is pervaded by an air of hilarious inconsequence.

Several times in the course of the evening the whole company, for no apparent reason, descend from the stage and, uttering loud and meaningless cries, rush madly up and down the stalls' gangways—but this is an old trick, and even when it was a new one it was not particularly amusing. After all, the stage is the place for the players unless driven off by the hostility of the audience—a thing unlikely to occur in these tolerant days.

Of course, everything is brought to a more or less satisfactory conclusion, with the happy pair literally flying away from stern guardians and schoolmarms, quite forgetting their two friends who are left to face the fuss and explain matters as well as they may. This must be a very difficult job for them, so it 's lucky that the curtain comes down before they start in on the explanations, evasions, and excuses, for this is a twice-nightly show and time is precious.



Sketches by Rouson

The lovers, Angela (Jean Colin) and Carl (Bernard Clifton), find escape is 'plane sailing, although they cannot get rid of that accommodating menial, Jepson (George Gee). Those left behind are — from left to right — Miss Schnapps (Sydney Fairbrother), Piggy (Steve Geray), Hazel (Betty Bascomb), and Miss Gandersluis (Joan Fred Emney)

The Bystander,
August 28, 1935—343

Jean Arthur

Below:
Joseph Calleia

From Broadway To Hollywood

They Crossed a Continent And Met in a Film Studio

***Jean Arthur** is making her second attack on the success-lines of Hollywood, and looks like winning through this time to stardom. Last time she didn't get that far, and after a bit she packed her bag, took a ticket back to her native city—New York, and worked for a year or two on the Broadway stage and on tour. Since she made her second trans-continental journey, things have gone well for this lovely blonde with the lovely voice. She was in "Public Hero Number One," which was when she met Joseph Calleia, also in "Whirlpool" and "The Defence Rests." Now Columbia have an option on her services and have listed her for "Lady Beware," opposite George Murphy*

***Joseph Calleia** has sailed into pictures as a highly successful and personable gangster villain. His first film, made in the M.-G.-M. studios, was "Public Hero Number One," which ran for several weeks at the Empire this summer. Now he is at work on his second film, and looks like staying in Hollywood as a star. He was on the New York stage before all this happened and made his big success in a show called "Small Miracle," which ran about four months*

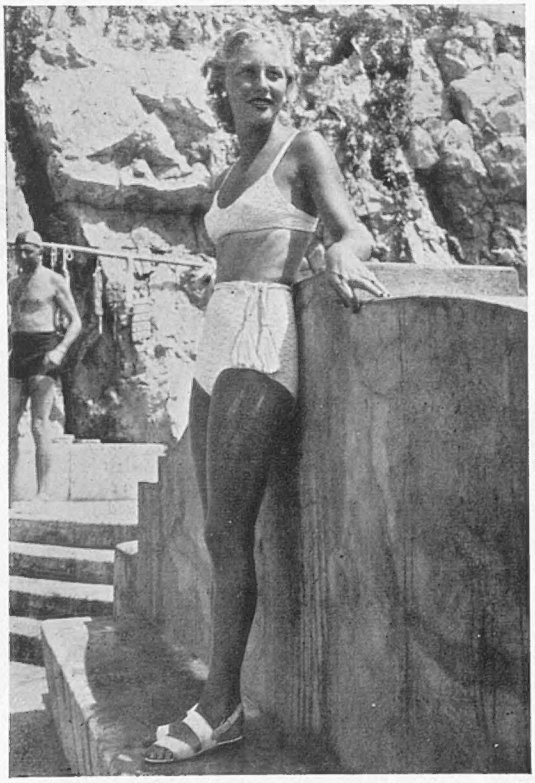
Mme. Savoir

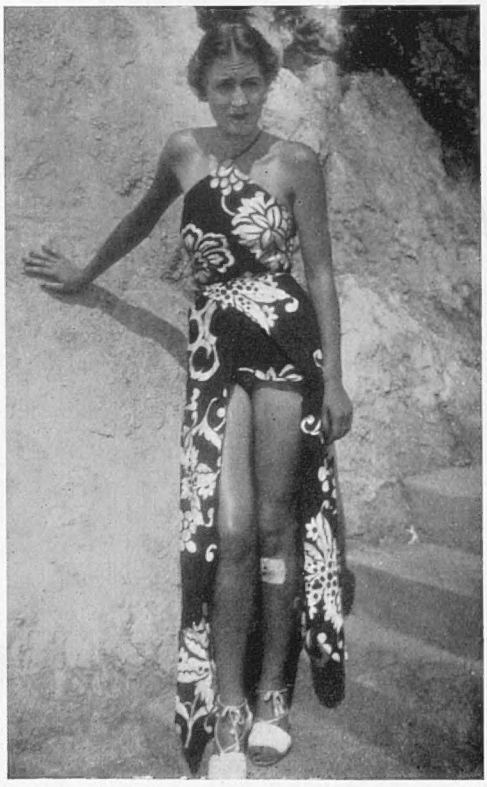
Mme. Savoir wears her beret at a typically French angle, and one of the amusing "newspaper" beach wrappers that everyone is talking about. She was photographed at Eden Roc

Hope Hampton

The American opera star is Mrs. Jules Brulatour in private life, and her husband's the head of the Kodak concern. She wears blue satin rompers for the Cannes beach

Comtesse Jean de Voguë, who is de Maziarly, is one of the her husband have a yacht at large French Colony on





Three Beauties Who Look Grand, Tanned and in Their Beach Uniform

Mlle. Alsonia is the French beauty queen who competed in the 50,000 franc competition at Deauville and is now giving the Riviera something to look at

Mrs. Sydney Davis is English (she was Nora Persse) and most attractive. She wears one of the bright patterned Malay sarongs

Miss Sheilah McNeil has a family with a rented villa on the Riviera. She lives in London but has been to the Roc from the first so qualifies as an "A.A." (antique Antibean)

English, French and American

A Cosmopolitan View of the Riviera

with Prince Charles d'Arenberg and M. Alexandre best-looking women in French society. She and Cannes, and like quite a few of this year's the Riviera are really keen about sailing

Mrs. John Hussey has her headquarters at Cannes, with Sir Oliver Duncan's large party. She wears a "shorts" suit of brightly printed linen

Captain D'Arcy Rutherford is talking to the new Lady Doverdale. She was Audrey Pointing; her husband succeeded to the title a few months ago

Three More Decorations With Good Personality Value

Mrs. Oliver Harvey has gone to the Roc to sun bathe as a change from Paris, where her husband is First Secretary at the British Embassy

Mlle. de Lamare is Jean-Gabriel Doumergue's very attractive niece, is spending the summer at the Doumergues' Riviera villa, and bathes from the Cannes beach

Mrs. Denis Cohen is Kathryn Hamill on the stage (did you see her impersonation of Garbo in "Stop Press"?); she wears a "tree-bark" elastic swimming suit of pale blue

Bertram Park

Lady Grant of Monymusk

Dorothy Wilding

The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney

Bassano

Countess Peter de Salis

Social Faces

Lady Grant *was Priscilla Thomson before her marriage last year, and is the daughter of Brigadier Alan Thomson, who commands the 1st Air Defence Brigade, and Mrs. Thomson. Her husband is in the Grenadier Guards; his place, Monymusk, is in Aberdeenshire, not far from Craighall, which belongs to her parents*

Mrs. James Rodney *married Lord Rodney's brother in 1928; her husband died after the tragic fire in a Hampshire country house in 1933. She is American, the daughter of R. P. Oldham, of Seattle, has a dress-sense to match her good looks, and a turn for journalism*

Countess Peter de Salis *was also married last year; her husband is in the Coldstream Guards, and is the youngest son of Count John de Salis, of the Foreign Office. She was Winifred D'Anyers Willis, and is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard D'Anyers Willis of Fineshade Abbey, Stamford, and a niece of Lord Massereene and Ferrard*

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

CONTRARY (apparently) to the opinion of many, we 're not the cool, suave, cynical old hunks we appear to be. On each side of our rugged features is a deep, smooth channel worn by hot tears of pure sympathy with (for example) 75 per cent. of Auntie James Douglas's emotional crises. To what some poet or other calls "the great stream of human tears forever dropping through the world," we contribute much more than most people, whether we cry with huge snifflings and snufflings, like Cromwell, or silently, leaning over a bar, like the Blessèd Damozel, or with a sort of hollow Hanoverian roaring noise, like George the Fourth, or simply tossing our heads and neighing, like Wordsworth. We wept like Cromwell last week, when we heard of Dr. Fairfield Osborn, an American scientist—snff, snff—who has a theory that human beings were once fish and had three eyes, and is going to Scotland to hunt up a fossil three-eyed fish, if any, to fit the idea. Scientists of this kind often make us cry. They 're so childlike, so brave, so optimistic, so sure, and so doomed to disillusion. To-day they make some world-shaking, revolutionary discovery about the origin of man; to-morrow it 's out in the alley with the dead cats and bits of Darwin's old Sunday trousers.

You may remember the sacred hullabaloo some years ago over the Missing Link of Java, a highly respectable ape, long since forgotten? The Missing Link of John o'Groats, a very decent fish, may take his place for a time—and then what?

Art for Jam's Sake

THE slump in Royal Academy sales this year isn't very surprising, everything considered. Only 310 pictures have been sold out of 1358, they tell us. The obvious reason seems to be that grocers and chocolate manufacturers are getting more and more artistic, and issuing calendars and chocolate-boxes of real merit, either gratis, or at a tiny fraction of the price asked by Academy exhibitors, and R.A.'s especially. We saw a grocer's calendar of extreme beauty in a village pub only the other day. It was in six richly-glowing colours, and it showed an eighteenth-century gentleman in pink plush handing a lady in blue brocade a bouquet with a graceful bow. "Halcyon Days" it was called, and it was given away free by H. Tibbles, Grocer and Provision Merchant, Cakes of Every Description a Speciality, Wamblehurst. What chance has Burlington House?

This problem will have to be faced before long by all who care for British Art. Ruskin ought to be alive to settle it. In one of his art-criticisms there is a fine appreciation of a picture by a German artist of a butcher's boy stroking a big dog. Landseer ought to be alive, too. The art-loving public used to eat his pictures of shaggy retrievers licking old ladies and little girls, and big stags daring business men to shoot them. If grocers can still reproduce works like these and distribute them free, then the Royal Academy is wrong in encouraging high prices for works which may be (and often are) equal in merit, but have not the same heart-appeal. (We naturally don't include the nudes, which ought to be grouped all together in the Stockbrokers' Room with more attractive titles—for example, "What Percy Saw in Paris," "Fun in a Harem," and so forth.)

Well, it 's a big problem, and we can only suggest that next year the Academy authorities attack the opposition on its own ground by selling a lot of jam and Rich Genoa and giving a lot of pictures away with it.

Easy Does It

FURTHER to ours of the umpth, recording that the Holiday Girl isn't flinging her arm up so much this year, we notice that the boys who write the captions for the daily picture-papers are going coyer and coyer as the summer ends. Over a picture of a lot of bathing girls very comically struggling with a capsized raft, they wrote the other day, "ON PURPOSE?" Under the snap of a tiny tot standing on the sea-edge they remarked—with a charming mock-gravity behind which we, for one, could see the merry old twinkle—"He seems to be wondering where Mummy is, but never mind, he will be enjoying it presently!" And over a charabanc load of hurray-ing Southend excursionists they wrote, quite simple and concisely, with very keen but playful psychological insight, "ON PLEASURE BENT."

Only one suggestion, since this seems to be Suggestion Week with us—would'nt it help everybody if the words were *divided*? For example: "This Jol-ly Par-ty of Care-Free Hol-i-day Girls Look as if They Are En-joy-ing Them-selves Thor-ough-ly by the Sil-ver Waves!" And "MAR-RIED!—This Hap-py Bride Will Cer-tain-ly Have Sun-shine O'er Life's Path-way, if her Wed-ding Smile is An-y In-dic-a-tion!" This would spare a lot of unnecessary fatigue in puzzling out those difficult words.

Panache

A REPORT from Vienna that young members of the Austrian Nazi group have been ordered to grow Hitler (or Chaplin) moustaches may remind those of our girl readers who have grandfathers alive who fought in the European War (1914-18) that there was a British Army Order to the same effect at that period. The idea was to terrify and abash the enemy by intensifying the martial appearance of the characteristic British face, which, once seen, as Wilde remarked, is never remembered. Many moustaches worn about town to-day are descended directly from those warlike growths, including "Noggler," better known as "The Luck of Castlerosse."

Few men about town have the virile courage to wax their moustaches nowadays. We saw a specimen in the Tube the other day, attached to a postman, with spikes of at least three inches, undoubtedly rendering this postman

"But, my dear, she uses an incubator!"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 45.—Osbert Sitwell

If Chelsea's solemn, soul-y folk
Should ever hear you make a joke
Or speak of him with levity
They 'd be as shocked as shocked could be
And gasp "We really draw the line
At one who 's such a Philistine"—
In fact, they 'd scream with rage, becos
They think the world of Uncle Os.

As cricketers are thrilled by Hobbs,
As Duchesses are loved by snobs,
As chorus-girls adore champagne,
As dance-fans look up to Jack Payne,
So Chelsea's "littery" select
Will cheer like mad and genuflect
And gaze with an adoring eye
When Maestro Ossie passes by.

Carlyle Square's Caliph solemnly
Declares his hobby lies in the
Entertaining of rich folk,
But that is just his little joke,
For with his poems, books, and plays
He entertains *me* many ways,
And *I* am not a wealthy cuss—
In fact, I 'm more like Lazarus. B. W.

terrible to his enemies and fatal to women. We calculated that it took one pot of Pommade Hongroise and six hours of anxious care a week to produce this effect, but it was worth it, for this superb postman surveyed the universe with a swashbuckling air and a devil-may-care panache, and evidently didn't give a damn if all the letters in the world were written in human blood. How meagre, how womanish, pusillanimous, and contemptible by comparison are the efforts of the Beau Monde, the Household Brigade, Herman Finck, and practically everybody we know except Old Bill, the oldest sea-lion at the "Zoo"!

Peep-Bo Department

Sweetest, terriblest bit of roguey-poguey, nimble-whimble, whimsy-whamsy, and niff-naffery of the season, quarried from Curtis Brown's reminiscences in the August *Strand*:

> On one occasion I asked her (Elizabeth Bergner) how she felt about the play Sir James Barrie had written for her. The most expressive eyes in the world rolled upward, the tiny hands shot up in the air, and the elfin face glowed with an ecstasy that needed no word.
>
> "Like that, is it?"
>
> "Yes," she said. "Barrie didn't write it."
>
> "No?"
>
> "No, he didn't write that play." A hushed, reverent voice added: "God wrote it."
>
> So now we know.

Years of literary agencing have made Mr. Brown pretty tough, and, as you observe, he took it quite calmly. Ourselves, having a thing like that handed us by La Bergner, we 'd have uttered a loud yell and buried our burning cheeks under the nearest cushion. Then we should have galloped round and round in circles, moaning helplessly and gnawing our knuckles. Then we should have hidden behind an azalea and gibbered at the fairies. Ooooo! Mumsy! Dweffle big dirl! Tum twick! Doody fwow up!

But seriously, if German actresses are going whimsy on us at this time of day, it 's a bit thick, as Mr. Beeton said to Mrs. Beeton when he found a lump of glue in the mayonnaise. Lots of Thrums-conscious girls of our own have gone Barrie in their spare time and got over it, from Pauline Chase to last year's

"I said, 'Surely that was in '82, not '83'"

"And now a little number entitled 'Paradise.' O.K., boys, let her go!"

Wendy, whose name we forget, but not one of them ever attributed a Barrie work to Almighty God. "Bunk, this must end!" as the bishop said to the ventriloquial archdeacon.

Time, Youse Guys

WORD reaches us of a sporting project to allure the virtuous but blasé citizens of New York shortly, by establishing in the Broadway sector a "real English" pub, with beer, sawdust, tankards, Cockney chuckers-out, beer-engines, shove-ha'penny boards, dartboards, discomfort, and all the historic trimmings. The clou or high-spot of the establishment, moreover, is expected to be a real Shove-Ha'penny Champion, an old rural gentleman of venerable aspect who at present—so we are credibly informed—receives a small annual stipend from one of the Cinque Ports for acting as official Looker-Out. His job, a highly responsible one, is to warn the Portreeve, Mayor, aldermen, jurats, bailiffs, magistrates, and principal burgesses of impending attack by the French from the sea. As the sea retired several miles from the town some hundreds of years ago, this office is no sinecure, requiring much keener eyesight than it did, for example, in the reign of Richard II.

They 're thinking of taking the old gentleman over to New York. As a genuine antique he won't, of course, be dutiable, and if he wears a smock and talks broad Sussex ("d" for "t" and "Pharisees" for "fairies"), keeping one eye still open for the French, we can see big money in it while the novelty lasts.

Afterthought

ESPECIALLY—may we add?—if some of the real English beer is not terribly good. The late Peter Warlock, that fine musician who took the quality of post-war English beer very much to heart, once wormed from official sources the fact that in a given year the total amount of hops used in British brewing was only one-fifth of the total ingredients. This seemed to Peter Warlock a hell-inspired conspiracy, vaster, more vile, and obviously more authentic than the Gunpowder Plot. Actually, the noblest modern brewers, we are told, use about two pounds of hops to the 36-gallon barrel, the rest being malt, yeast, and various fixings, so it is clear that one ought to learn something about the trade before going hay-wire. However, you know as well as we do that a lot of English beer nowadays is loathly, and to get the final right touch of local (and chemical) colour, the New York pub ought to have some of this kind. It would comfort British exiles with memories of the dear homeland, and it wouldn't give big American brewers any reason to set up a jealous hullaballo, either.

Vive le Sport

THE present campaign to put an end to the deliberate foul play prevalent in professional football — especially the dainty trick called "ankle-tapping"—seems to us another little indication that the old-fashioned traditional sportsmanship of the Island Race, formerly one of the 88 national characteristics demonstrating our superiority to foreigners, needs a little judicious soleing and heeling at the moment. We shall never forget our amused surprise at Wimbledon when we first saw printed on the programme a note begging the sporting public not to applaud double-faults and not to confine their applause to one competitor. It hadn't any effect.

Big sport being now so thoroughly industrialised, it frankly seems to us hypocrisy to insist on the obsolete standards of sportsmanship being observed in this country. Big business men don't cheer their opponents with chivalrous abandon; they do them in the eye whenever possible. Why shouldn't the servants of big business corporations like the leading Soccer companies hack each other when they get the chance, if it 's good for dividends? If it comes to that, why shouldn't there be barracking and doping at Wimbledon, and funny business behind the scenes at Lord's, and even—if we may go so far as to suggest, wildly perhaps, a thing which will probably make you laugh with its sheer fantastic absurdity—a bit of pulling on the Turf?

THE BYSTANDERS.

• FILMS of the Day

"Hail the Comics"

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

EVERY one thinks that what appeals to their sense of humour is the criterion of all that is risible and witty, though they may reluctantly admit that there are different forms of funniness. I am no exception; in my secret heart I am convinced that I and those of the elect who see eye to eye with me and vociferate laugh for laugh with me, are possessed of an exceptionally keen and infallible perception of true humour. But this superiority complex gets frequent and cruel blows if I am obliged to sit through a sequence of comic films and realise that if the majority of the audience are right in knowing when to laugh, then I am all wrong.

I went to see "*Boys Will Be Boys*" full of pleasurable anticipation. True, I am not one of those convulsed by Will Hay, even on a gramophone record, but Gordon Harker, whose classic Cockneyism gives me intense joy, was in the cast and the subject, reputed to be Beachcomber's "Narkover" and its inmates, promised extremely well.

BEACHCOMBER is a brilliant literary cartoonist. His jokes may not provoke guffaws, but rather the sly smile of delighted recognition as the silly skittles of modern life and character go down one after another before his truly aimed ridicule. But many of his *mise-en-scenes* and established characters are intrinsically funny, among them his public school for young criminals and its headmaster.

Alas! in the film nothing remains but the names. No attempt is made to characterise "those charming fellows" or exhibit their peculiar talents. Will Hay's Dr. Alec Smart is neither the ambitious propagandist of efficient crime nor the gay Lothario of Beachcomber's invention. He is just a buffoon and a victim with Will Hay's familiar grimaces and Will Hay's familiar back-chat. Naturally, since Will Hay wrote the scenario. It would have seemed funnier, to me at any rate, if Beachcomber and his protagonists had been left out of it altogether; as it was, I felt cheated.

If one forgets origins it may be funny to see a new headmaster greeted with stink bombs and carpets dragged from under his feet. And we know there is a large public which enjoys this particular brand of repartee between master and pupils.

THE criminal element is supplied by Gordon Harker as Father Brown, an old lag who, by "virtue" of having forged the head's testimonial, blackmails himself into the position of butler and general factotum in pursuit of Lady Dorking's diamond necklace. The bauble passes rapidly through the pockets of the school and ends up in the football which, naturally, diverts individual interest from the original interest in the school match! Claude Dampier as Theo P. Finch elicits more humour from his part than any of the others. Davy Burnaby has nothing much to do except splutter.

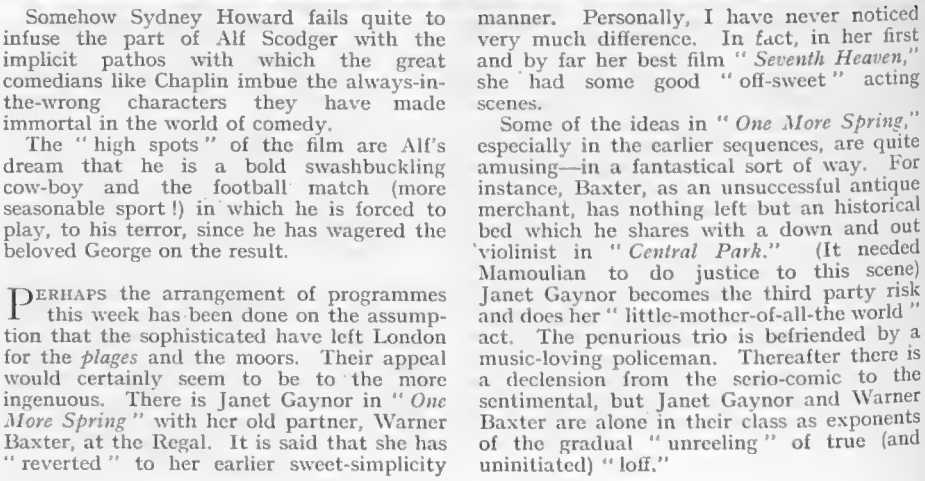
THERE is more prejudice in the estimation of comedians than in any other department, possibly because, happily, there is more individuality in their methods. Personally, I have an affection for Sydney Howard, with his sad, heavy-lidded eyes, his drawling ingenuousness and his purposefully almost "chi-chi" movements. In "*Where's George?*" when the action and dialogue exclusively belong to him and George (George is his pony and his consolation for a hard life as a hen-pecked blacksmith), the film is droll and entertaining, but a strident woman is a trial off or on the screen and Mabel Constanduros, probably quite conscientiously, emphasises the fact as the nagging and trombone-playing wife.

"One More Spring"

Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor are teamed up for the first time since their "Daddy-Long-Legs" days in "One More Spring," the film of Robert Nathan's, novel at the Regal

"The Crusades"

Henry Wilcoxon as Richard Cœur de Lion, and Loretta Young as Berengaria, Sancho of Navarre's daughter, are the stars of the new Cecil B. de Mille spectacle, with the Crusades as its raw material, which started its Carlton run last week



Somehow Sydney Howard fails quite to infuse the part of Alf Scodger with the implicit pathos with which the great comedians like Chaplin imbue the always-in-the-wrong characters they have made immortal in the world of comedy.

The "high spots" of the film are Alf's dream that he is a bold swashbuckling cow-boy and the football match (more seasonable sport!) in which he is forced to play, to his terror, since he has wagered the beloved George on the result.

PERHAPS the arrangement of programmes this week has been done on the assumption that the sophisticated have left London for the *plages* and the moors. Their appeal would certainly seem to be to the more ingenuous. There is Janet Gaynor in "*One More Spring*" with her old partner, Warner Baxter, at the Regal. It is said that she has "reverted" to her earlier sweet-simplicity manner. Personally, I have never noticed very much difference. In fact, in her first and by far her best film "*Seventh Heaven*," she had some good "off-sweet" acting scenes.

Some of the ideas in "*One More Spring*," especially in the earlier sequences, are quite amusing—in a fantastical sort of way. For instance, Baxter, as an unsuccessful antique merchant, has nothing left but an historical bed which he shares with a down and out violinist in "*Central Park*." (It needed Mamoulian to do justice to this scene) Janet Gaynor becomes the third party risk and does her "little-mother-of-all-the world" act. The penurious trio is befriended by a music-loving policeman. Thereafter there is a declension from the serio-comic to the sentimental, but Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter are alone in their class as exponents of the gradual "unreeling" of true (and uninitiated) "loff."

And Then There's Biarritz

The Beach Routine is the Same—

The piquante Miss Chico Kilvert and Mr. Ivor Bryce sit by the side of the piscine at Biarritz and watch their friends coming and going. The sea proper is the piscine's strong rival this year

—Whatever Resort You Go To

Lord Willoughby de Broke talks to Commander and Mrs. Reginald Paget. He and Lady Willoughby de Broke are flying round Europe, and Biarritz was one of their calling places

And at Six There Are Cocktails

Mme. Dubonnet, the Maharajah of Rajpipla, and Mr. C. Hilliard were photographed at cocktail time at one of the haunts where everyone knows every one else will be just about then

Below: Lord Jersey, Miss Eleanor Eyre, the Marquesa Marena, and Mr. Black outside their cabine at the Chambre d'Amour. In spite of the Prince of Wales having deserted Biarritz for Cannes this year, the season is going with a great swing, and the golf courses, casino bars and beach are thickly populated

Sketches by Molly Bishop

The Hon. Kiwa Plunket

Lord Plunket's youngest brother has been staying with his other brother, Brinsley Plunket, in Ireland. He is twenty-six

Miss Barbara Jameson

The attractive brunette, Miss Jameson, has also been decorating Ireland and was sketched in the Brinsley Plunkets' library

The Hon. Brinsley Plunket

Was sketched after swimming in his own pool at Luttrelstown. His wife was Aileen Guinness; she is the Hon. Ernest Guinness's eldest daughter

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Joy To Our Hearts

"SIR,—As a reader of twenty years' standing, I am cancelling my subscription to the BYSTANDER. Surely your contributor, Miss Peeps, cannot be so abyssmally ignorant as not to know that it is *not* eighty miles from London to Salisbury, *but*, as every schoolboy knows, seventy-nine miles, four furlongs, two poles (rods or perches), one chain, two feet, six inches.

I am, Sir, etc.,
Disgusted (Col. Rtd.)."

Occupants of Club Armchairs

WE get them by the hundred. We love it. It shows they read the feature. And, we pride ourselves, for everyone that writes, there are ten equally disgruntled who are too lazy.

Sometimes the Editor tells us that we are not getting enough letters, but we know the answer to that one, and so we just stick in some little slip calculated to make occupants of the Pall Mall armchairs spit with rage all over their old school ties and seize a pen. The ensuing mail ensures our job for several weeks. Editors care only about quantity.

A reference to the "Coldstreams" produces about fifty vitriolic letters of abuse. "Term" in connection with Eton is pretty good, but unfortunately only galls old Etonians.

More useful as an irritant is referring to the Yeomen of the Guard as "Beefeaters," and "Scotch" instead of Scots we have found most productive. We consider a mere split infinitive beneath us, but resort to it occasionally. We have even (under threat of the sack) descended to foxes' "tails," "red coats" and "horses" in a polo chukka. We have had a brother at "New" before now and a cousin at Christ Church College.

Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson

Is the Canadian wife of the well-known ski-er; she was wearing a severe little black dress with a white Quaker-ish collar for lunch at Quaglino's

A Matter of Taste

OUR latest critic has fallen straight into it. We thought that a little "the" in front of Albany, the famous bachelor flats, would do the trick.

He also dislikes "Badgastine." Well, we prefer Aix-la-Chapelle to Aachen. That's a matter of taste. As for skipping from Cap Ferrat to Biarritz and back again, we seem to remember something in Shakespeare defending volatility to the tune of half a scene.

Every Engaging Quality

AMONG the compensations of London in August is the sight of that enchanting little actress, Miss Vivien Leigh, dancing occasionally in the few left-open night-haunts.

In addition to possessing every other engaging quality, she is obviously an exquisite dancer, and was waltzing gracefully in a black and white flowered dress at the San Marco one night lately, and looking like an escaped schoolgirl in the small hours at the Four Hundred last Tuesday. One of her partners on this occasion was Mr. Peter Clark, definitely one of the best dancers in London. Others of note are Ivor Guest, Michael Crichton, Michael Portman, and Ralph Cobbold. Lord Michelham is also astonishingly good, and once survived a good many hours in a dancing marathon competition at Monte Carlo.

Prefer a Plain Secretary

ONCE upon a time it was popularly supposed that beauty was a drawback to a girl's business career. Leaving out the stage and films, for which it is half the battle, there are very few professions in which good looks and charm are not a definite asset. One or two susceptible young men insist that they must have a plain secretary (knowing themselves !), but in almost every other case it is the pretty girl who gets the job.

Most milliners employ at least one "lovely" to put on the models and hoodwink the unwary customer into a belief that they will look something just like it themselves. Hairdressers and beauty experts engage beginners because of their hair or lovely complexions. Take some instance of real people. It was because of Gladys Cooper's beauty that she started her face-cream business. We know that Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall has few equals at tennis, but if she were not also the beauty of Wimbledon, we should not be so interested in her sports clothes shop. There is one quite lovely girl we have just met whose face would surely make Mr. Cochran or Mr. Korda whisk out a contract on sight. Her name is Jane Falcke, and she does not want to go on the stage or the films. She puts in a ten-hour day selling stockings and socks, and likes it ! She is small and fair, with a face like a flower, and her uncle, Shirley Falcke, used to be in the "Blues."

A Man of Many Parts

THERE are one hundred and fifty laughs and two hundred giggles in *Full House*, the new Novello play at the Haymarket, produced last Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose, charming Americans whose son, Richard, presents the play, gave a supper-party afterwards at the Savoy Grill, one of the few lively and crowded "late-night final" places. Mrs. Simon Brand seized this opportunity to wear a pale blue dress with bouffant shoulders, only wearable on a hot night when any coat would be superfluous. Mr. Eddie Tatham was in this party, and Mr. Eric Dunstan, that grey-haired attractive young man who has been everything from secretary to Sir Robert Horn and Mr. Selfridge, to a B.B.C. announcer; from an honorary colonel in the Italian Army to a journalist.

Others seen in the grill that night were the Duchess of Rutland, picturesquely garbed; Lady de Frece, so chic with her snow-white hair and rows of pearls that made our mouths water; Mrs. Dudley Gilroy—whom we had seen at the play—and Mme. de Peña in "noisy" black sequins, well suited by a very new and up-to-date style of hairdressing.

Comtesse Désirée Latour

Left: another sketch from Ireland, of Comtesse Désirée Latour, who was staying with the Comtesse de Brantes (Lady Moira Forbes that was) for the short Dublin season

Below: Patricia Berry was sketched in London as she was on her way from her father's yacht in the Solent to Aberdeenshire

The Hon. Patricia Berry

The Courtesy of the Pool

AMONG the stately homes of England few can have a more exquisite park than Wilton, Lord Pembroke's place in Wiltshire. The view up the river from the bridge is quite lovely. Miss Edith Olivier, the authoress, who is, perhaps, a "better-seller" in America than here, has a charming little house within the famous wall of Wilton Park, and has let the said charming little house to Mr. Charles Birkin for the month of August.

He is a wise young man to decide on such a sensible and health-restoring holiday. Relays of week-end guests invade the cottage from Friday to Tuesday, one or two cronies refusing to budge during the week. Lady Juliet Duff, who is abroad, has left Mr. Birkin the "courtesy of her pool," so that the new enthusiasm for a swim or a dive, or merely bobbing up and down, can be indulged in.

Capt. and Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke

The Stanley-Clarkes, who go racing quite a lot, were sketched at a recent summer meeting. Her mother, Mrs. St. George, has a house at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight—one of the nice places in England to be in the summer

Wiltshire Neighbours

MISS CLAIRE ELWES, deservedly one of the most popular girls in society, and Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson, the witty and attractive American wife of one of our Swiss sports aces, have been staying there lately. Also Mr. Birkin's partners, John Hallet and Cecil Gatti, and the journalist whom our predecessor persistently called the "slender Marquess."

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Yorke live not far away at Longparish on the famous River Test, and the David Tennants are even nearer neighbours. Mr. Cecil Beaton is another "Wiltshire-ite," the décor of his house being something quite

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Fay Wray Signs An Autograph Book

Left: Fay Wray met one of her fans at the première of "The Crusades" at the Carlton last week. She was there with her husband, John Monk Saunders, the well-known Hollywood film director, who, like his wife, is now working over here. He is one of the directors of the London Films picture, "Conquest of the Air"

Tchernicheva, Beecham and Massine

This brilliant trio was photographed at Covent Garden during the rehearsals of "Thamar," for the first performance of which Beecham conducted, and Tchernicheva and Massine danced. Sir Thomas also conducted at the Ballets Russes party last week, when, after the evening performance, Colonel de Basil entertained a big crowd of his supporters—a farewell gesture before the company left England

The Italian Ambassador

Signor Dino Grandi, the Italian Ambassador, was holidaying in Cornwall, staying at St. Austell Bay, until the focal point of the discussions on the Italian-Abyssinian question moved from Paris to London last week. Signor Grandi has been Ambassador here since 1932

surprising in rural surroundings. A very original idea of his is a bathroom wall covered with the imprints (drawn, we imagine) of the hands of his guests, their names written across the palms.

Eating in the Open

A HEAT-WAVE in this torrid city drives us to new diversions, and one recent discovery is the cafeteria in the middle of Hyde Park, where you help yourselves to snacks from the counter, and lunch in the shade under the trees. The clientéle is large and varied; a grown-up Boy Scout, old ladies from Kensington Square, girl clerks, and a row of expensive-looking motor-cars testifying to the presence of stragglers like ourselves, bent on eating in the fresh (?) air.

Passing-Through Contingent

THE Mayfair streets seem emptier and emptier, but we catch the passing-through contingent in various restaurants. Two good amateur riders we discovered dining at the Berkeley the other night, Teddy Underdown and Fulke Walwyn. Lady Jersey we ran into somewhere else. She has been staying with Lady Cunard, and was off to Scotland that night to visit Lord Beatty. Noel Coward looks so brown and well that play-writing in Kent seems to have the same effect on him as a Riviera holiday.

Kidnapped—A Personality

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Laddie Sandford went back to America they took Sir Robert Throckmorton with them. We don't blame anyone for kidnapping the dormouse baronet. He is one of the best examples of that elusive thing, "personality," that you can think of. He makes not the faintest effort to make anyone like him, and seems completely indifferent to the entire world, yet his friends are legion.

While over there he is also staying with Fred Astaire and his wife, and the charming Dorothy Fell, whose engagement to Mr. Wooly Donohue was rumoured.

MISS PEEPS

The Modern Zeus

" Why did that man think it might have been a woman? "

" You, Leisa? No, I cannot believe it. It's impos

" I must say you've got courage "

Oscar Homolka a
Flora Robson
" Close Quarters

HE'S a very fine actor, this Hungarian, a
man to watch — for the power and detail
restraint of his portraiture in *Close Quarters*,
for any future work he may do on the En
stage. He and Flora Robson are a brilli
intelligent couple in this strange two-charac
murder play about a woman who kills a man,
her husband, who, not knowing she has don
sees that every clue must point inevitably to
Flora Robson has an amazingly prolonged te
to sustain, from the first scene where she c
in after shooting her husband's enemy, to
final climax where she confesses to Gustav
whole tragic story. *Close Quarters*, adapted
W. O. Somin's play, and produced by Irene H
schel, is now transferred to the Savoy; it appe
first at the Embassy, and then at the Haym

Photographs taken for the "Bystander" by John Everard

"It was only because *I loved you"*

"Did you come straight home from the meeting?"
"Here, do you think I've been doing a pub-crawl on my way home?"

"I thought it was my own doing . . . "

Massine in "Jardin Public"

Photographs by Anthony

Leonide Massine

MASSINE, maître de ballet, collaborateur artistique, and premier danseur in Colonel de Basil's Ballets Russes, has, out of the company's repertoire of twenty-eight ballets, no fewer than fourteen to his credit as choregrapher, among these being some of the best-loved of modern ballets—*Beau Danube, Tricorne, Boutique Fantasque, Choreartium, Femmes de Bonne Humeur*. Both as a composer and dancer he is of the great tradition of ballet. He made his debut as dancer with Diaghileff in 1914, having been "discovered" by the latter at the Imperial Theatre, Moscow. His first ballet, *Soleil de Nuit*, was performed in 1915. These photographs of Massine were taken in his latest composition, *Jardin Public*, where his pas de deux with Toumanova is the outstanding moment of the ballet. Now he and the rest of the company have departed from Covent Garden, and, after a month's holiday, go to America for a season there

Running Free

A fine picture of Mr. R. B. Worth's Severn II. running before a light wind with spinnaker set (those perforations in the sail are known as "Tom Ratsey's peep-holes," after the originator of the design). Severn II. was competing in a race for the 8-meter class in the Lymington Regatta last week

Lord Ashfield and His Daughter Have Been In Devon

Lord Ashfield, chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board, has been taking his holiday at Thurlestone, an attractive little place in South Devon. His younger daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Barford, has also been down there with her husband, Edward Barford, whose business is a steam-roller-making one, and her small family—five year-old Edwina and boy-and-girl twins aged two

Right: Lady Mary Stewart, Lord and Lady Londonderry's youngest, has been with her parents at their Ulster place, Mount Stewart. Here she's at Portaferry for the regatta

Lady Mary Stewart

Gertrude Lawrence Plays Golf

Left: Gertrude Lawrence has taken a cottage at Carlyon Bay, in Cornwall, for her holiday. She's the other member of Noel Coward's company of two that goes on tour in October in "To-night at 8.30," before it comes to London

Right: Leslie Howard has been down in Somerset during his month's holiday in England, and played polo in the West Somesret tournament at Minehead. Later he goes back to Hollywood, probably to film his Broadway success, "The Petrified Forest."

Capt. Errol Prior-Palmer and Miss Katherine Bibby

These two announced their engagement a week or two ago; they were photographed at Heston Air Port. Captain Prior-Palmer is in the 9th Lancers, and his fiancée is the younger daughter of the late Frank Bibby

People On Holiday

Having Looked at Scotland and France, Here It's England's Turn

Toumanova and Danilova Go Riding at the Zoo

Toumanova and Danilova who have now, alas! left Covent Garden with the rest of the company to go on a month's holiday, spent one of their "afternoons off" looking at the new Pet's Corner at the "Zoo," and gave the crowd something to look at by riding gracefully, if slowly, around on a tortoise

Left: Jeanne de Casalis and Vivienne Leigh were at the stage charity concert given at Ashford in Kent in aid of the Actors' Orphanage and Ashford Hospital. Their play, "The Mask of Virtue," has left the West End and is now at Golder's Green

Photographs by Arthur Owen

The Cromers Make Up a Family Foursome

Lord Cromer plays with his younger daughter, Lady Violet Baring, who is twenty-four this year, but doesn't look it in her beret and mackintosh jacket

Lady Cromer plays with her only son, Lord Errington, who's just seventeen. She's a Scotswoman herself—a sister of Lord Minto

Highland Golf

On the Gleneagles Hotel Courses

Mr. R. B. Tennent and Capt. R. Crofton, who is home from Kenya, were playing together, and Mrs. Tennent (who was Miss Nancy Borland, of Kincardine Castle) walked round with them and gave the dogs some exercise

Lord Dudley is with the attractive Miss Grace Amory, who has been staying with a fellow American, Mr. Herbert Pullitzer, at Kinloch, in Perthshire

Lawn Tennis Letter

Forest Hills, N.Y.: By "Passer-By"

DEAR BYSTANDER,

WHEN these lines are read, Forest Hills, the Wimbledon of New York, will be the centre of lawn tennis gravity. Here the national championships are decided; here, for the first time in the history of the game on the other side, men and women will play on the same ground and at the same time for the respective titles. Hitherto, with an almost Oriental attempt at segregation, the two championships have been divided off by different dates, the women having their national competition some weeks earlier than the men. Perhaps the big gates at Wimbledon, where variety is rife, have prompted the change; perhaps the executive are anxious to reduce the double overhead charge; it may be that the women have insisted on more companionship. I do not pretend to know.

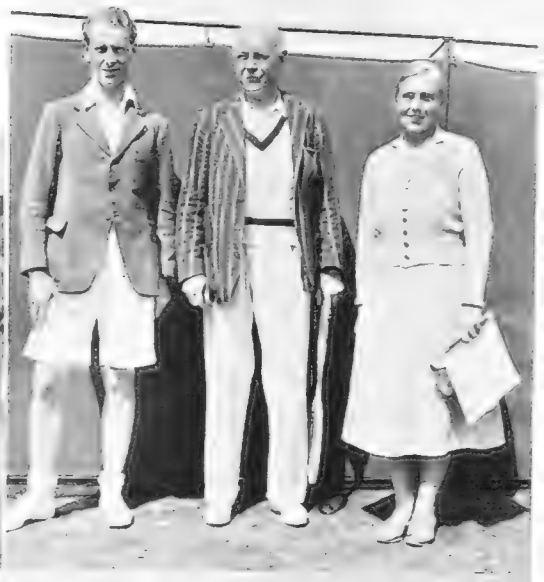
New York in August can be uncomfortably warm, but it provides many compensations for a humidity that can easily be borne, even comfortably, by the observation of one or two rules. One is physical exercise and the free use of the shower-bath—in their provision American clubs have British clubs beaten all the way—and another is the golden law not to touch alcohol until the sun has set.

NEW York may conceal its beauty behind material foldings; I defy any visitor not to be impressed by its shimmering water zones caught in the rising mists through a telescope, as it were, of majestic masonry. The Alps may be the palaces of Nature, but the Empire State Building in Fifth Avenue does not make the world less wonderful. Watch from some tower of vantage a sunset effect on the gurgling river life; forget the haze of history and see Broadway by night, twinkling with a thousand coloured lights and speaking a hundred different tongues; look at and admire Fifth Avenue—the longest, most variegated, most alert street in the world. Noises are only irksome in their newness; soon, if you linger for any time in New York, they will merely echo and endorse the feeling of strength in action which this place provokes. New York is graded like every other great city. It has its palaces and hovels, its Dives and Lazarus, its body and froth, nearly every light and shade. But its pulse never runs down; it is always moving, always working. This vibrancy it communicates unconsciously to its guests.

THE tennis public that fills the great bowl at Forest Hills differs entirely from that at Wimbledon. It is essentially a working public, drawn from office and factory, diving into the bowels of Pennsylvania station to the tube that conveys them under the river to the hinterland. There is no spacious motor park near the bowl; the gallery cannot afford the time to hoot their way over Brooklyn Bridge. Nor do they take tea or munch cakes like their more leisured contemporaries in England; few, indeed, descend the steep stone steps to purchase candy.

The American crowd abhors a vacuum; they come to see, and expect to see, a real fight. When Mlle. Lenglen retired against Mrs. Mallory, and Mrs. Moody did the same thing twelve years later against Miss Helen Jacobs, there was a hubbub. It was not that they bore these champions any ill-will nor could not sympathise with them in any loss of physical power; they felt that the show was incomplete. It is said that cricket is reviving in America. It may be raising its head in the British colony at Hollywood. I doubt whether it will ever come back to Philadelphia or Boston, where you may still find portraits of "W.G." and Ranji in the tennis pavilions. It was the drawn match, the match which neither side could win, that killed cricket on the other side. At lawn tennis some individual or some pair must always win—unless there is what the Americans call "a default," which is their way of describing a "walk-over." Americans do not like their athletes to walk; they want them to run and if possible to run themselves to a standstill.

ON the whole, American crowds are exceedingly fair-minded. A young and independent nation, jealously proud of institutions created by their enterprise, they have an intense desire to see their own men triumph. This loyalty fosters progress, and is a stimulant to the younger player who has only just found his spurs. But if patriotism infuses them, the American ideal is as high as any in the world. Nothing but the best really satisfies. Thus, while they will cheer their own countrymen on to the echo, they will freely acknowledge the superior abilities of a successful invader and make no attempt to qualify his triumph by excusing their own men. Those who would criticise the bearing of an American crowd must remember that America has no leisured class, no floating community which can take a sequestered draught of games as some old gentlemen do at Lord's. Virtually every man and a large percentage of the women have been at work in the morning. They have brought their keen brains from the desk and the store into the stands. Theirs is no perfunctory interest, no hour idly spent in pursuit of some new pleasure. And yet leavening their somewhat rough demeanour is a sense of justice and fair play. Fred Perry is no less popular at Forest Hills because he is an Englishman.



At Cranleigh

Above: Sir John Jarvis arriving at the Cranleigh Tournament with his elder daughter, Mrs. C. J. L. Lyle. She and Miss G. A. Clarke-Jervoise won the Women's Doubles, beating the Misses J. and P. Anderson 6—2, 6—4

Top right: Sir Farquhar Buzzard (centre) competed in seven events in the Cranleigh Tournament. With him are his son, Commander A. W. Buzzard, R.N., who won the Men's Doubles with E. M. Buzzard, and his daughter Sylvia, who partnered her father in the Mixed

W. E. Tucker (left), the former English Rugger captain, and his partner, Mrs. Rogerson. With them are Mrs. Milligan and Captain Hunter, whom they opposed in the Mixed at Cranleigh, which was Tucker's first open tournament

SCOTTISH

Who's Who, and

At the Falkland Palace Pageant on September 7th, the lovely **Rohays Burnett** of Leys will represent the luckless Queen Mary of Scotland

The Argyllshire Gathering at Oban (September 11th and 12th) provides a picturesque background for the **Captain of Dunstaffnage** whose dress sense is unparalleled

September 13—16th will be a smart week-end at Gleneagles where **Lord Pollington** is a tennis regular

Lady Linlithgow and Lord Rosebery

Left: Musselburgh (September 16th and 17th) is **Lord Rosebery's** home meeting. He and **Lady Linlithgow** are essential to the landscape which includes cubist gasworks and the Firth of Forth

Right: the Northern Meeting at Inverness (September 18th and 19th) has **Lady Elizabeth Murray** as featured regularess

Lady Elizabeth Murray

CALENDAR

When and Where

Simultaneously the Western Meeting (Scottish Derby, Ayr, September 18th and racing 19th and 20th), draws a bigger and better gallery. **Lord Eglinton** and his brother **Frankie Montgomerie** are cast iron certainties

Lord Lamington

Mrs. Campbell

Above and Left: at Lanark Steeplechases (Sept. 23rd and 24th) **Mrs. Campbell** of Dolphinton chaperones young coveys and **Lord Lamington** wears a buttonhole

Perth Hunt 'chases occur in Scone Park (Sept. 25th and 26th) and **Lord Airlie** is invariably tha handsomest Highlander

Hamilton Park, Scotland's best race club, owes its being to **Lord Hamilton of Dalzell** who has fixed a good card for September 28th and 30th

Kelso's two-day meeting (October 11th and 12th) completes the Scottish Season and is very ducal. **Lady Isobel Scott** gives tea to the nicest people

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Two Ways of Using Words

By A. G. Macdonell

MR. THOMAS WOLFE is an American novelist with a terrific capacity for pouring out words, and then more words, and after that a great many more words. His latest book is called *Of Time and the River* (Heineman; 10s. 6d.), and it is miles and miles long. For those who like to get quantity for their money, this is a remarkable bargain, for it consists of no fewer than nine hundred pages. Seekers after quality, on the other hand, will not be so easily satisfied. For whatever gifts Mr. Wolfe may be endowed with, the Power of Selection is not among them. In the old immortal phrase, he is intoxicated with his own verbosity. The theme of the book is the progress of a young Southerner who sets out to see the world through the half-way house of Harvard University, and the various steps in his mental and physical development are illustrated by a few incidents and adventures set, like oases, in a vast arid desert of words. These adventures are so well-written and so vivid, that the exhausted traveller at once rejoices in their freshness, and at the same time sighs that there are not more of them. The journeys in between are so very long, and so very wearying. Mr. Wolfe's other talent, besides this exciting description of adventure, consists in his creation of subsidiary characters. In this book he creates a large gallery of queer, interesting folk, which helps to keep the reader's mind from collapsing under the pressure of verbiage. *Of Time and The River* is a monumental work, but the Albert Memorial is also a monument.

Elizabeth Bowen

Whose striking new novel, "The House in Paris," is reviewed on this page, Gollancz is the publisher

ONE of the main differences—and there are many others—between Mr. Wolfe and Miss Elizabeth Bowen is that he is under the impression that a thousand words must of necessity be a thousand times as effective as one word, whereas she knows very well that no words at all may be the most effective of the lot. *The House in Paris* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is a novel of extraordinary subtlety, and the fewer words that the characters use, the more subtle and dramatic do the situations become. The love-scene at Boulogne between the girl and the strange, hard, passionate, inscrutable Anglo-Franco-Jew, is profoundly moving simply for this reason, that there is hardly any talk, and as the power to speak dries up in the man and woman, so the feeling of hidden fires and "immortal longings" grows and grows.

The Spirit of Tragic Irony presides at the feast. The men and women are simply players who have their exits and their entrances, and Destiny is the omnipotent stage-manager. The puppets are only allowed the freedom to feed. When once they are swept into the whirlpool of deep emotion, Destiny steps in and steers them inexorably to disaster. There are so many glancing rays of light, criss-crossing, playing on each other, lighting up hidden corners of the heart for a moment, casting shadows here and there, that a true appreciation of this extraordinary book might run into columns. There is a touch of Henry James (in the *Turn of the Screw*) in the way in which so much of the tragedy is seen through the eyes of Leopold, the little Jewish boy whose father killed himself before he was born and who has no remembrance of his mother, and there is an interplay of half-explained, half-unexplainable, motives and cross-currents and sub-currents, that made me think of Conrad's *Arrow of Gold*.

Both for the writing and for its power of conveying thoughts that cannot be conveyed by words, *The House in Paris* is a book of very great distinction.

WAS there ever, since history began to be written, such an incredible, such a fantastic, opportunity to get-rich-quick as was presented to the human race in South Africa in the last years of the nineteenth century? Before 1867, South Africa was a dry, barren, land, supporting here and there handfuls of impoverished farmers, and always threatening an incursion of wild savages from the north and east. Then a Boer child picked up a shining pebble in the bed of the Orange River, and the destiny of the country was altered in a day. The story of some of the personalities who took part in that staggering alteration, and who gambled in millions, and made and lost fortunes, is told by Mr. Paul Emden in *Randlords* (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.). Rhodes, of course, is the most familiar name, and Mr. Emden is particularly interesting about that famous man. He emphasises the fact—which is quite new to me—that Rhodes was not a great financier. He was a man of enormous ideas, of far-reaching schemes, of starry visions, but he was no hand at the manipulation of millions. All that part of the business was done for him by his partner, Alfred Beit. It was Beit, plus the financial genius of Wernher, who made Rhodes' dreams come true. Without them he could never have founded his Chartered Company which resulted in Rhodesia, or weathered the big storms which broke over South Africa at frequent intervals.

Mr. Emden also describes the astounding career of Barney Barnato, formerly Barnet Isaacs of Whitechapel, and discusses the single-handed adventurer, J. B. Robinson, who quarrelled with everyone he came in contact with, and Sir Lionel Phillips, who was sentenced to death for his part in the Jameson Raid, and the Joels, the Strubens, the Ecksteins, and many others of the amazing crew of adventurers, opportunists, and financial geniuses who saw what an incredible chance had been haphazardly thrown in their way when diamonds were found at Kimberley and gold on the Witwatersrand.

ANDRÉ MIKHELSON was a boy of fourteen when the Russian Revolution broke out, and he was soon swept into the turmoil. His mother died and his father escaped, and he was left to fend for himself. The record of his experiences, published eighteen years after the Revolution, is contained in *A Schoolboy Caught in the Russian Revolution* (Putnam; 10s. 6d.). If this book had been published, say, in 1922, it would have been enormously popular, for it is full of atrocities of the usual type. But the world has moved a long way since then, and people are looking to the future and not harking back to the past. It is rather as if a man was asked his opinion of the Nazi règime and replied with a lay description of German atrocities in Belgium in 1914. I confess I can see neither point nor merit in Mr. Mikhelson's long-delayed, and highly-coloured reminiscences, but it is probable that the fire-eaters of Cheltenham and Malvern may regard them as an important contribution to the consideration of European affairs of to-day.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Six contrasting colours combine to make this delightful Matita tweed ensemble. The three-quarter length coat is cut on swagger lines with raglan shoulders, wide sleeves and large patch pockets. It fastens at the neck with link buttons, which have been stamped in the centre with tweed. The skirt has an inverted pleat down the front and the tuck-in blouse is made in rust-coloured jersey with a square neck and long sleeves. It is accompanied by a cravat which can be discarded on warmer days. Tweed plays a prominent part in the new Matita models which are sold by all fashion houses of prestige. In some cases the coat is multi-coloured and the frock plain, while in others the order is reversed and the plain coat is lined with the same multi-coloured material of the frock or suit which accompanies it

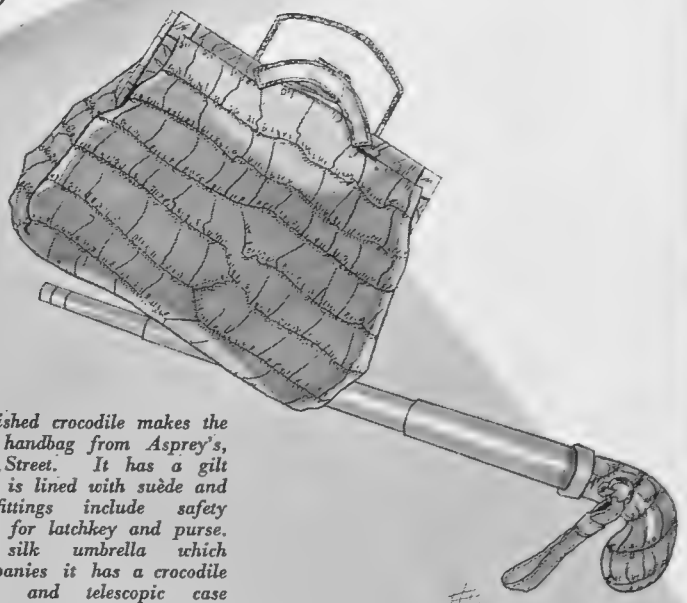
Lenare

Simple Frocks For Autumn Days

So far there are no very drastic changes to be seen in the autumn fashions for day-time wear. Waists are much the same as last season, skirts slim and straight. Coats vary; they may be loose and three quarter length, long and fitting, or short and waisted with leg o' mutton sleeves and a flared basque forming a bustle effect at the back, a repetition, in fact, of the old-fashioned jacket. Furs such as Persian lamb, broadtail, nutria and beaver are used for trimming. The two latter are often confounded as they so closely resemble each other. Both are American water animals, nutria being derived from the South and beaver the North. They are treated in the same way, the guard hairs having to be removed before the soft brown under fur can be used. The main difference, however, is that nutria is very much lighter in weight and consequently more practical both for coats and trimming. Silver fox is always a favourite for luxurious collars and capes. It has been used far more lavishly of recent years, owing to the price of skins having come down. For sports and country wear, Somali leopard, ocelot and musquash remain unrivalled, both for smartness and durability. Colours inspired by the Old Masters are a source of tremendous interest, as they are totally different from anything already seen in the dress world. Michael Angelo red, Veronese green and Medici blue with a hint of purple about it, are three lovely shades for evening. This does not mean, however, that black is in any way eclipsed, though perhaps the Parisian adheres to it more closely than the Englishwoman. Contrasts are an essential feature, especially with tweeds, and the more daring they are, the smarter they look. A striking ensemble in a dark shade of fuschia had lavender blue quilted revers and a jumper in the same shade

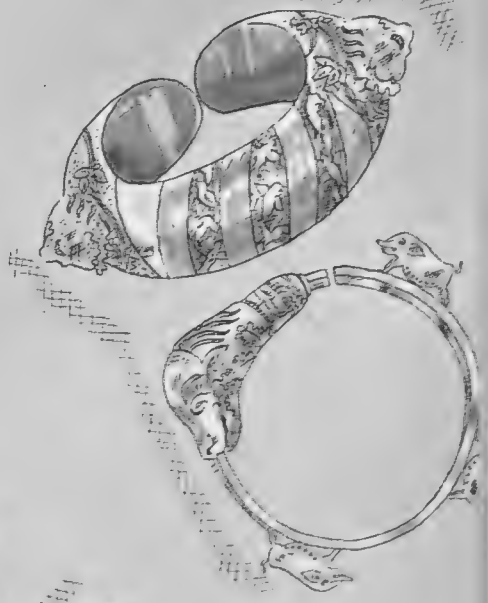
Here are two charming frocks in jersey cloth from Harrods, Knightsbridge. The one above is sprayed with wooden beads, which also make the girdle. It is softly draped at the neck and costs 7 guineas. The model on the right is simple, it suggests angora, and is cut on slimming lines. A square shoulder effect is achieved by the gathered sleeves, while the guillotine neck is softened by a cluster of jersey flowers in a contrasting shade

The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

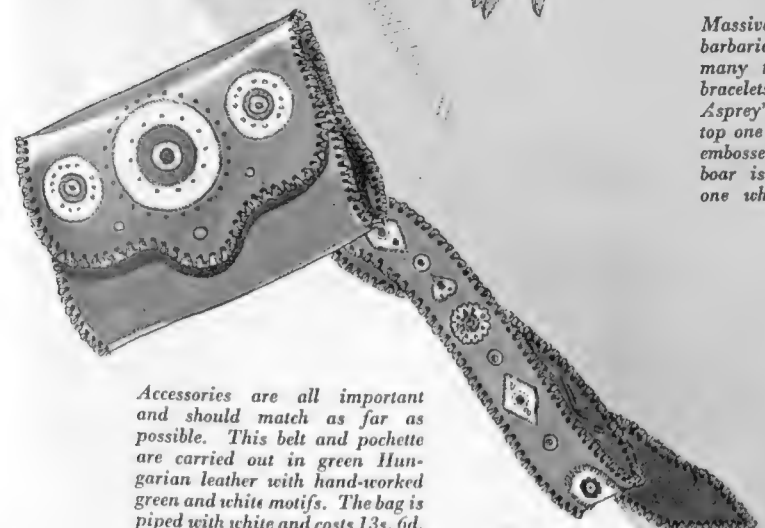


Unpolished crocodile makes the smart handbag from Asprey's, Bond Street. It has a gilt frame, is lined with suède and the fittings include safety chains for latchkey and purse. The silk umbrella which accompanies it has a crocodile handle and telescopic case which can be carried in the bag

The vogue for clips continues, though these have a tendency to grow larger. The one above is composed of red and white porcelain petals and suggest a carnation. On the left is a gilt necklace with ice blue mother-of-pearl feathers. They come from Harrods, Knightsbridge

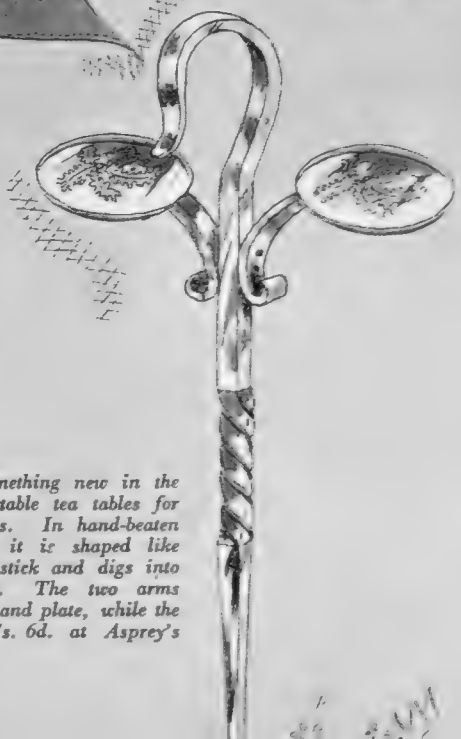


Many lovely scarves are to be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street. Some have gloves to match, like the set on the right, which is available in several becoming colour schemes. The scarf is in printed crêpe de chine with a paisley design, while the gloves are fawn cape with silk gauntlets



Accessories are all important and should match as far as possible. This belt and pochette are carried out in green Hungarian leather with hand-worked green and white motifs. The bag is piped with white and costs 13s. 6d. They may be seen at Liberty's

Massive jewellery of a somewhat barbaric nature will be worn by many this autumn. The two bracelets on the right come from Asprey's. They are silver, the top one being heavily chased and embossed. The hunting of the boar is depicted in the second one which is equally effective



Here is something new in the way of portable tea tables for out of doors. In hand-beaten aluminium, it is shaped like a walking-stick and digs into the ground. The two arms hold a cap and plate, while the price is 27s. 6d. at Asprey's

Golf Clubs At Home

Aldeburgh, Suffolk

A View of the Club-house

(1) C. Michael Faraday (ex-captain), H. F. Heycock (captain) and Captain W. J. Todd (ex-captain). (2) J. G. Sherlock (professional), Major A. Dering (secretary), H. Spencer (steward). (3) Max Heald, H. L. Turner (committee-man) and D. W. Turner. (4) V. C. H. Longstaffe (twice ex-captain), David Longstaffe and J. Livingston. (5) R. D. Blackwell and R. G. Burbidge. (6) Colonel C. E. Colbeck, R. L. Soper (ex-captain and trustee) and A. C. Turner (ex-captain). (7) A. McD. Eddis, G. M. Adams and B. Abdy Collins. (8) R. G. de Quincey, Captain E. M. Ransford and Sir Percy Thompson. (9) Sir Edward Alderson and W. Petrie Thomson

Playing for the Lord Warden Cup at Rye

W. L. Hartley, the holder, who won again this year, going to the first green with Edward Nugent-Head. Hartley's aggregate was 145

R. H. Mitchell and Bernard Darwin waiting at the first tee. The latter finished fourth in the competition with scores of 77 and 74, totalling 151

Another two of the competitors who defied the hard August going to play for the Lord Warden Cup. They are O. J. T. Lewellyn and J. T. Kerr

Golf in August: By J. S. F. Morrison

If you were to ask all the golfers you meet which month of the year they consider the most unsuitable for the game of golf, I think that in the majority of cases the answer would be "August." Little enjoyment can be got out of the game when the courses are baked hard and consequently tee shots go tremendous distances and approach shots bounce nearly as high as a house and often kick off at right angles or some other angle not desired by the striker. As a general rule, except at the seaside with a breeze blowing, you can obtain little fun at this time of year as, besides the excessively hard condition of the courses, it is usually too hot to play in comfort except in the evenings. In our country there are very few competitions or tournaments played in August, but it is usually about this time of year that the amateur championships for both ladies and men of Germany and Sweden take place. Both these championships always attract a number of golfers from the British Isles. Since the German Amateur Open Championship was started again after the war in 1927 it has always been won by an Englishman or a Scotsman. The German ladies, however, had successfully warded off the attacks of invaders up to this year as Mrs. Percy Garon was the only player from abroad who had won the German Ladies' Championship before Miss Audrey Holmes. Since Hitler came into power all the German golf championships have been played at Bad Ems, and are usually completed in a week's golf; the ladies' and men's Amateur Championships being played on the same days and followed by the Open Championship.

Several of the present Cambridge University golf team played at Bad Ems this year, and one of them, J. S. L. Lyon, was victorious after a close match with Conde de Ybarra, of Spain, in the final. Lyon, after being two down at lunch, finally won by four holes up and three to play. Another interesting young entrant to this championship was J. A. Graham, the son of A. J. Graham, who was beaten in the final of the Amateur Championship on his own course at Hoylake in 1921, and the nephew of the illustrious Jack Graham. Jack Graham is considered by many the best golfer who never won our Amateur Championship; he usually produced magnificent golf for three or four rounds and then faded away. Some are of the opinion that Jack Graham did not possess a good temperament for match play, but I personally think his defeats in the Amateur Championship were due to the fact that he did not play very much golf, and consequently the strain of playing on several consecutive days made him stale. J. A. Graham made his début in championship golf in the English Championship at Hollinwell this year; he got through two rounds at Bad Ems, which is certainly a good performance for a young boy with little experience of competitive play; he has done some very good scores round Hoylake, which is a wonderful course for young players to learn the game on. It will be very interesting to see if he follows in the footsteps of his very famous uncle and not quite so famous father.

Spain made attacks on both the French and German championships, and was successful at Granville and very nearly successful at Bad Ems. There are many good golfers in Spain, a fact which is not generally known. It does not seem many years ago that the small Angel de la Torre with his light clubs caused quite a sensation by his good play in our big professional competitions, and I think that the present large number of good golfers in Spain is due to a considerable extent to the example and coaching of this wee player, who, after appearing in England, spent several years in the United States perfecting his own game.

A few years ago I was a member of a golf team got together by Colonel Gerald Ritson, who is considered by many the best polo player there has ever been, to visit Spain and play some matches in Madrid. We had quite a good side, but not nearly good enough even to extend our Spanish opponents, and lost all our matches by big margins. I was then very impressed with the play of the leading Spanish golfers, and was quite sure in my own mind that it would not be long before Spaniards were winning championships in other countries. The good Spanish players are extremely long and accurate with the iron clubs, and bunkers round the greens have no terrors for them whatsoever; they disappear into deep bunkers and flick the ball out with the wrists just as easily as if it was lying perfectly on grass. During our matches in Madrid, one Spaniard put his ball stone dead on three occasions in one round from deep and difficult bunkers from which the ordinary player would have been pleased to get out at all. I believe the reason why the Spaniards play these wrist shots so well is because, in their boyhood days, nearly all of them play pelota, a game which is somewhat similar to Eton fives played in an enormous court.

The last two French Open Amateur Championships have been won by Spaniards—namely, J. Arana and de Ybarra, and now Ybarra has just failed in the final of the German Amateur Open Championship. Last year a party of Spanish golfers came over to play in our Open Championship at Royal St. Georges, and afterwards played some matches in the London district.

The Swedes, like the Germans, play their ladies' and men's championships on the same course and at the same time, and also always receive several entries from British golfers. A party of good lady golfers and a team of the Army Golfing Society make regular annual trips to the Swedish championships.

I am afraid that, as a rule, Britons, when they play in championships abroad—with the exception of the American Amateur Championship—take the game in a very lighthearted manner, and certainly go with the idea of enjoying themselves rather than of playing serious golf.

A friend of mine, when being beaten in a Continental championship, caused the displeasure of an elderly spectator, who had apparently backed him. The spectator asked my friend how he could expect to win after staying in the casino all night. My friend's reply was: "Is this your holiday or mine?" I think my friend, even if he was down to his opponent, was certainly one up on his supporter. If you want to play golf in August and get fun out of it, you must either go abroad or to the seaside.

Women's Golf:

"Bystander" Fixtures—and a Critic of Criticism

By Eleanor E. Helme

Right: Miss Rhoda Jupp, the elder sister of Miss Nancy Jupp, the holder of the British Girls' Championship, sports a pair of mackintosh trousers while practising. She has entered for the "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship, entries for which show a thirty per cent increase over previous years

Below: Miss Audrey Holmes and Miss Elaine Young, both of Thorndon Park, who were the two finalists in the German Ladies' Championship which were held at Bad Ems. The former had an easy win by 10 and 9

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THE Autumn Foursomes entry form appears on page iv of this number, so that folk who wish to play at Ranelagh or Roehampton had better get busy. Not, of course, that priority of entry matters frightfully to the majority, because it is the 126 couples with the lowest handicaps who play at Ranelagh and the next 126 at Roehampton, regardless of when they enter, provided they do it before September 19th. But if there should be a tie for last place, so to speak, then priority of entry decides; therefore, emphatically to enter now is sound. Besides, one may forget. Judging by the Girls' Championship, which shows a thirty per cent. increase in numbers over any other year, with quality to match, Ranelagh and Roehampton will alike be crowded out, and a waiting list will sit on the end of the telephone.

Entries, by the way, for the English Championship to be played at Birkdale the first week in October, close on September 12th, to the L.G.U. office. That again is a date all too easily forgotten, a proceeding which would cause much gnashing of teeth, for Birkdale is admittedly one of our finest seaside courses.

THIS English Championship will see the first appearance of Miss Margaret Hodgson, sister of the Rugby International, who has been doing such great things up north this year and is now rated at scratch by the L.G.U. The score which finally earned her that handicap was a 78 gross at the Brancepath Castle open meeting, that equalling par, she having already got in a 70 gross extra day score at Hexham, where the par is 75, and returned 75 and 78 in the Gosforth Club championship, par 75.

Miss Elsie Corlett, of course, has been scratch on and off for years, and is now actually plus 3, but scratch players are rare enough for the North to feel very proud of its new and rising light. So they are of Mrs. Newton, who has just done a 72 round Birkdale, par 76. She was runner-up in the Northumberland Championship, and took Mrs. Percy to the nineteenth in that final; in county matches this year she beat Miss Berry 3 and 2 at Withington, Mrs. Clements 2 and 1 at Ringway, Miss Mary Johnson 2 and 1 at Gosforth, and Miss Howe 4 and 3 at Hexham. Altogether she seems to be the sort of player who may be very interesting to watch at Birkdale, though she has played so little outside her own county, except in county matches, that neither she nor her many admirers must be disappointed if she fails to make a great mark this time. Her time must come before long.

PERHAPS, though, sudden success is not the kindest thing to wish any young golfer, judging by the letter which I promised you should have, that I have had from Miss Molly Gourlay, and which she has given me leave to print here. It was written after reading my article on gossip and young golfers in the BYSTANDER of July 31st.

That article, if you remember, deplored the unkind interpretation so often put on the utterances of other golfers, particularly young golfers, and suggested that the way of such was hard, needing encouragement rather than suppression, and deplored the way clubs left youngsters out of their teams. (I think, by the way, that Miss Gourlay has taken teams in this connection to mean "Internationals.")

"AS you know, I was not at Newcastle, so am guiltless of any particular charge there, and I do not even know who the chief parties were—on either side. As one of the 'middling ones,' I think you have treated us rather hardly. Now, first of all, before I advance further, I wish to make it extremely clear that I am *utterly* impersonal, that I have no grouse whatsoever against any young player, and that I fully realise that the future of women's golf lies in their hands. But I *do* think that there is, to-day, a very definite danger, chiefly from the Press, of hailing anyone under twenty, who can hit the ball at all, as a white hope, and incipient world-beater. I can't conceive of anything more calculated to ruin the chances of a promising youngster than this artificial forcing-house, for something that has had no time to acquire mental, physical, and moral stability. In my opinion, for what it is worth, the young player *must* fight her own way to the top, and by learning to face a certain amount of opposition, what better training could she have for the battles she has to fight her way through on the course? No; I am all against this coddling, but do not mistake me, entirely on behalf of the very ones for whom you have taken up such lusty cudgels. Needless to say, there is nothing to be said in defence of those people who are purposely and maliciously unkind to the younger generation, though their numbers are very small.

"NEITHER am I in agreement in putting very young and comparatively untried players into the International teams—more especially the British—that should be their ultimate goal, for, having achieved it, there is nothing higher to aim for. They should work and work for it, and very fully deserve their place by consistent successes before they are given the accolade of their colours, and, in *fairness to them*, before they are called upon to undergo a much greater strain than anyone can realise who has not experienced it. I think one young player I have in mind is a typical example of a player whose golf (I will say nothing about personality) has suffered a very serious set-back through premature forcing. It was not that she did not *deserve* her place, but that more thought and consideration should have been given to the effect it was likely to have on her future.

"I am sure it is harmful to smooth the way too much for the young aspirants to fame—if they are *worth* their salt they will survive their training, and it will stand them in good stead in many a close fought match in after years, when they will stand firm in the face of opposition. After all, 'guts' is a great acquisition to a golfer!

"I hope you won't be offended by all this. I don't think you will, for you will realise that I am really on your side, only in different colours."

Needless to say, I am not offended, only wondering about it all.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

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A Charity "Matinee"

E. W. Dawson and Nigel Haig going out to open the batting for Jack Hobbs's team which opposed an Actors and Musicians side at Lord's. The match was in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund

Summer Golf

The Hon. Peter Beatty and Sir Matthew Wilson—plus a "gallery" of one—defy the hot weather. They are seen during a round on the links of the Gleneagles Hotel

At Home o

Miss J. May, Miss B. May, Miss W. May, a start. They took part in the Royal Norfolk a

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Well, the South Africans saved the game easily enough in the final Test match at the Oval, and so, for the first time, have won the "rubber" in this country. Let us hasten to congratulate these very likeable Springboks; they have played sound, forthright cricket in the best possible spirit.

True enough, they might have gone along a bit quicker with their run-getting on the opening day of the Oval match. But who, looking at things broadly, will blame them for their tactics? They had a job to do. One up as a result of their victory in the second Test at Lord's, they had merely to avoid defeat in the final game to make the "rubber" safe. And, mark you, they did their job splendidly.

Two things stand out clear-cut as a result of these Tests. First, the South Africans have shown us that their strength has increased to such an extent that three-day matches against them will, almost inevitably, end in dreary stalemates. And then, as the Oval match proved conclusively, modern cricket is cursed with over-prepared wickets —Kennington's pitch through the three days was a bowler's heart-breaker, a "marble slab" on which batsmen took their runs very much as they liked.

As it is, I really believe we must pass a hearty vote of thanks to the Leather-jackets at Lord's for giving us one definite result in the Test series. Certainly, bowlers had a much better time at Lord's, where, as you know, the larvae of the crane-fly played some queer tricks with the wickets—and the scores—in several matches.

But let us look for the real consolation which is to be found in these Tests with South Africa. Straightway I must say how heartening it was to see England going for runs and getting them with ease and confidence. Yes, although we have lost the "rubber," we have found ourselves; Hammond is back to the form which puts him among the world's supreme batsmen; Leyland has shown us that he will yet serve England well in Australia; and there are promising young men in Arthur Mitchell, Bakewell and the Essex amateur, Holcombe Read.

Maybe Read is not the finished fast bowler. He has a most impressive run to the wicket, his foot pounds down grandly, but still he is a long way from being a Larwood. Still, he should improve with experience; and, in any case, we must give him full marks for his eagerness and fighting spirit. Here is a young man who will bowl "all out" until he drops—it was great to see him after a grilling first day still hurling 'em down at the close pretty nearly as well as he did in his opening overs. And again, England's fielding showed a tremendous advance. It was quick, clean and enthusiastic; every man was on his toes, with R. W. V. Robins —a man who loves his cricket, as we see by his every action—the best of them all. How the crowd loves little Robins for his spirit and "fire" in the field. Watch him running around the boundary, see the quick return straight to the 'keeper's hands. Here is a real cricketer and, as I believe, the type of man who would lead a Test team magnificently.

And Leyland! There is something massive about this Yorkshireman. He is "of the earth earthy," seemingly growing out of the ground, as one spectator put it to me, like some grand old tree. Here is a man to remember in the years to come, a man who warms our hearts and makes cricket the game it is.

Indeed, the charm of cricket lies more in the power of its personalities than in the mere recital of victories and defeats. The man 's the thing. And here I would say how this real spirit of the game has been captured so charmingly and lovingly by Thomas Moult, whose prose enriches the literature of sport.

Thomas Moult has just produced "Bat and Ball," a book which is rich in the traditions of cricket. He has gathered together a noble company of writers: D. R. Jardine, Neville Cardus, Hedley Verity, Maurice Tate, "Plum" Warner, Hugh de Selincourt and a host of others who have achieved fame either as recorders or players of cricket.

And here, in as handsomely produced book as you could wish for, golden hours of cricket are captured. It brings back memories

Reading and Riding

Miss Diana Clark and Sir Richard Sykes consult the book of words at the Middleton (East) Hunt Gymkhana. It took place at Bridlington in Yorkshire

a Broad

Miss B. N. Wilton waiting for the racing to Suffolk Yacht Club's races on Oulton Broad

In the Fen Country

Mr. J. Wentworth-Day, the Editor of the "Sporting and Dramatic News," recently held a duck shoot on Adventurer's Fen in Cambridgeshire. His fiancée, Miss Brenda Sheffield, is seen with Dusty, and her morning's bag, which was by no means "dusty"

of whispering trees and green fields at summer's high noon; it recalls, vividly and sharply, the electric atmosphere of some close finish in an epic Test match—there is, indeed, the authentic spell about it—the heady whiff of bat oil and the scent of freshly cut grass.

AND now to yachting. Straightway, I must make reference to Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's decision to sell Endeavour, with which he challenged for the America's Cup, and order a new "J" class cutter, to be named Endeavour II. I gather that it is Mr. Sopwith's intention to challenge for the America's Cup with his new boat next year.

Once again, Mr. J. Nicholson, who designed Endeavour, will have the order for the new craft, which is expected to be some 20 tons heavier than the present Sopwith yacht.

This America's Cup quest, of course, is a very costly business. And for Mr. Sopwith to place an order for a new boat does, in view of the big expenses involved, give us some indication of his belief that he can yet bring the trophy back here to these shores. Mr. Sopwith, I imagine, learned much when challenging with Endeavour last year, and it is in the light of that experience that he is again to cross the Atlantic next year to race for the Cup.

Meantime, the Americans are already planning to defend the trophy which they won so many years ago. Rainbow will not be in the running—she is to be put out of commission—but I am told that a new "J" class boat will be built.

NEXT year, indeed, we shall see quite an Anglo-American sporting tussle for, apart from the big yacht races, there will be the duel for the Westchester Polo Cup. Hurlingham have challenged on behalf of Britain, and the Americans, who hold the trophy, have very generously agreed to come to England for the matches.

Britain have not won the Westchester Cup in post-war years, but next summer they will have a very good chance of breaking the spell. The fact is, we shall have a slight advantage in pony power, for the Americans will have to ship their mounts across the Atlantic.

As a matter of fact, it is this disadvantage to the visiting team which has prompted America to agree to come to England for the matches next summer. Previously, it was the practice for the challengers to visit the defenders—a serious handicap, this. In future, however, the countries will stage the Cup matches alternately.

The visit of the Americans will doubtless give an amazing fillip to polo, which has been making a big bid these days to attract a wider public.

Above: W. C. V. Tait (left) and A. G. McPherson, who met in the final of the Men's Singles in the East Lothian tournament at North Berwick, obviously did not believe in being overcome by thirst. The latter won in two straight sets, the score being 6—1, 6—3

Left: the Hon. Osmund Scott and his son, Eric, waiting at the first tee to play round in the Lord Warden Cup competition at Rye. The former returned a score of 158, going round in 79 on both occasions

Henry Kendall takes Nancy O'Neill for a flight. He was an R.A.F. pilot, and both are playing in "Someone at the Door," at the Comedy

Below: with the Auxiliaries over Broadstairs. Number 605 County of Warwick Squadron, flying Hawker "Harts" in "Vic" formation, from their summer training-camp at Manston

Charles E. Brown

Facts and Fancies on the Wing

By Charles Ward

World's Leading Airport

Both Southampton and Portsmouth have been in the news as the world's leading airport. Apparently Imperial Airways is considering an alternative to Croydon for Empire services, and amongst twenty-eight schemes under review, the establishment of a combined landplane and seaplane base at either Portsmouth or Southampton has been included. Local prophets favour a "sea-drome," an artificial island anchored, presumably, in the middle of the Solent. As it is fairly certain that Imperial Airways will operate all long-distance services with flying-boats, such a structure will not be necessary. Southampton Water offers plenty of space for large marine aircraft, and should be an ideal travel terminus for India, Australia, and Africa. There are strong rumours that a rival concern is interested in long-distance air routes. Shipping companies are alive at last to the possibility that they may lose not only their mail traffic, but many first-class passengers as well. The Sikorsky, an American flying-boat that has been tested recently across the Pacific, is favoured for projected services to Northern Europe, West Africa, and South America. Such boats would be built under licence in England, but whether they have any advantages over our own craft for operation from all sorts of harbours and open roadsteads, is doubtful. Next year, when Imperial Airways fly from Bermuda to New York, alternately with Pan-American Airways, the rival types, British and American, will get a fair test side by side.

Celebrities in the Air

Alexander Korda's film, *Conquest of the Air*, with Nigel Tangye as aviation adviser, is well under way. Many of the scenes have been shot from Lympne, and there has been more than one unrehearsed excitement, including a forced landing by balloon in the Channel. Sir Philip Sassoon has been staying at Port Lympne, using his Leopard Moth for transport. He greeted M. Mignet after the latter's hop over the Channel by "Flea," a flight that created a sensation almost equal to that of an early crossing of the Atlantic. Mr. Anthony Eden has also been seen at Lympne, arriving by Leopard Moth. One of the smartest private 'planes in the country is the Stinson owned and flown by Leslie Irvin, inventor of the parachute that bears his name.

The "Flying Flea"—How To Build It

Under this title, Sampson Low have published a translation of Mignet's book at 7s. 6d. Air-Commodore Chamier, Secretary of the Air League, was responsible for the English version, which follows the original French most faithfully. The book is fully illustrated with Mignet's drawings, and will enable the amateur constructor to follow the inventor's reasoning from first principles to the complete "Flea." In England, one may not build and fly an aeroplane without permits and licences, so that the progress of the "Flea" cannot be as rapid as it has been in France. Any constructor can apply to the Air Ministry for a permit, and at the moment, no objection is being raised to flights from certain aerodromes, always provided that the three-mile limit is observed and third-party insurance has been effected. Captain Lamplugh, of the British Aviation Insurance Company, has quoted a reasonable rate to constructors who are maintaining British standards of safety. The campaign to popularise the "Flea" has been founded on an assumed price. The £70 aeroplane is only one-third of the truth. A British engine, or a foreign engine, duty paid, will cost £70, so that the £70 aeroplane then costs £140. For serious flying, proper instruments are needed, and these may easily cost another £20. Add to this the fact that many amateurs will buy parts already made-up, and we have an aeroplane costing £200, tested and insured.

Having attained proper perspectives, is it worth while buying or building a "Flea"? Quite definitely, I should say, yes. It is still cheap enough to be attractive to many who cannot afford club rates, and it lends itself very easily to ownership by a group of enthusiasts. To teach oneself to fly as the pioneers did, by taxying, straights, and finally a circuit, is a sure way of gaining real air-sense. Mignet has proved that the 'plane is safe, but it must be built of proper material and comply with a good standard of workmanship. Some part of the Gorell Committee's Report should be put into practice to cope with this new development.

The new Union-Castle liner, Stirling Castle, takes the water for the first time. She was launched at Belfast by Mrs. Robertson F. Gibb, the wife of the chairman of the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co.

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Left: a car adds immensely to the enjoyment of a holiday on the Broads, and such a one as the Riley 1½-litre "Kestrel," here seen, makes at least part of the holiday plain sailing

Below: a study in contrasts. The weather-beaten walls of old Camber Castle in Sussex provide a picturesque background for the spick and span Rolls-Royce. The car is a 20 h.p. model, fitted with a Thrupp and Maberley body

Where Is the Engine Going To?

By The Earl of Cardigan

I WONDER if motorists as a whole have have been noticing a gradual forward movement, which has been affecting the engines of almost all cars during the past few years? I do not mean that individual engines have been shifting about in an irresponsible manner (although rubber mountings may permit a little latitude!); but rather that there has been a general tendency, among both British and American manufacturers, to push their engines more and more to the extreme front of the chassis.

It is the gradual nature of this change of layout which may have caused it to escape some people's notice. If one thinks back, however, it is easy to recall that, years ago, it was considered correct practice for a car's radiator to be placed, if anything, rather behind the front axle. In particular, this was always the arrangement where cars of sports type were concerned.

AT a later stage, it was thought reasonable for the radiator to be approximately over the axle. Then, fairly recently, one began to see certain cars having sloping radiators, the lower parts of which were definitely in advance of the axle. At the time, this was fairly generally condemned as giving an ugly and clumsy appearance to the car.

The critics, however, had to admit one advantage to the credit of the forward radiator. It permitted more body space, since the whole engine was advanced by two or three valuable inches. In the case of small cars, these inches gained for the coachbuilder would often make all the difference between luxury and discomfort.

Rival manufacturers were quick to see the possibilities which had been opened up. Soon there was a regular race to see who could push the radiator farthest forward without actually achieving such a degree of ugliness as would unnerve the motoring public. This competition is still continuing to-day.

BEARING all this in mind, it is interesting to have a good look at some of the most modern cars. We find the radiator very far advanced indeed; but often the effect is cunningly concealed by the special design of the front wings and bumpers. Moreover, familiarity is already playing its part. Except from certain angles, one is not conscious of anything bizarre or unnatural.

From the driving seat, everything seems much the same as usual, for the length of bonnet has hardly been altered. The chief difference, probably, will be found in the fact that neither of the front wings is visible. This will probably be regarded as a drawback, at least from the beginner's point of view.

In the back seat, the extra amount of comfort is more than ever apparent. Indeed, the space available may be a source of very pleasant surprise. One is inclined to judge roughly the accommodation of a car, at first sight, by the length of its wheel-base. Nowadays, this is no real criterion. A car may be very compact as to wheel-base, and yet carry coachwork which is decidedly roomy.

THE question arises—has the forward radiator come to stay? Is it the ideal solution to one of the coachbuilders' chief problems; or is it a makeshift arrangement, which for the moment has advantages, but which will be superseded as soon as these same advantages can be secured in a different and preferable manner?

Personally, I must confess that I am not yet reconciled to the idea of a big overhang at the front end of the chassis. While not professing to be an engineer, I have always believed that, in order to secure ideal weight distribution, one must keep the main bulk of a car well inside the limits of the wheel-base. Good weight distribution, of course, is essential to good road-holding.

If greater body space is required—and clearly this is a case for "the more the merrier"—I often wonder that it is not obtained by the more obvious method of adding a few inches to the car's wheel-base and the length of chassis. True, this extra length would involve extra weight, and some increase in cost; yet it is noticeable that certain Continental makers (one may quote a well-known Italian firm for example) do not hesitate to build cars of long wheel-base, which they are able to sell at very competitive prices.

THEN, again, I personally would not regret seeing shorter bonnets and more compact engines. It would be quite possible to build six-cylinder engines in "V" formation, so that the general shape of the power unit would be square, rather than oblong. I do not think that a short, wide bonnet would necessarily look unsightly. I visualise such a bonnet occupying the whole of the frontal width of the car, and thus merging readily into the body lines. A greater width, and shorter length, of bonnet would actually be advantageous from the streamlining point of view.

Unfortunately, it is very doubtful whether the public would approve of this latter solution to the problem. There has always been a strong prejudice in favour of the long bonnet—and this seems likely to persist. We thus, for practical purposes, are left with the choice between a car of long wheel-base, having little or no overhang at either end, and the short wheel-base car, which must necessarily overhang in one direction or the other.

There is no doubt as to which type is favoured at the moment. The short wheel-base car, overhanging at the front, takes the lead for at least another season.

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CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss E. E. Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1934 or 1935 whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss E. E. Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

FORUM CLUB HOSPITALITY

The Forum Club, 6, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, most generously give Honorary Membership to all competitors during the Autumn Foursomes. As bedroom accommodation is limited, those wishing to avail themselves of this privilege by staying there should apply as soon as possible to the Secretary there. Visitors' tickets for other competitors will be obtainable from BYSTANDER officials at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

THE ANNUAL "BYSTANDER" DINNER

kindly arranged by the Sports Section of the Forum Club, will be held there on Thursday, October 10th. Tickets 5s. 6d. obtainable from the Secretary.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1935 — No Entrance Fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

(*PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS*)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

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THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S HUNTING AND RACING MEMOIRS

We are glad to be able to announce that His Grace the Duke of Portland has consented to the publication in "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" a part of his memoirs of Hunting and Racing, which are to be published in book form in September by Messrs. Putnam & Faber. The first instalment appeared in "THE SPORTING AND DRAMATIC" of August 23rd, and further instalments in the series are appearing weekly.

No one on the English Turf or in the Hunting Field has a higher reputation. His historic successes with the great St. Simon, Donovan, Ayrshire, Memoir and William the Third, and his romantic purchase of Carbine make some of the most colourful pages of racing history ever written. His hunting memories at Melton and elsewhere give a complete and intensely valuable picture of an age gone by.

His memoirs of these two sports are an historic contribution to sporting literature. Filled also with whimsical and amusing anecdotes of now almost legendary figures, they will stand for all time as a permanent record of value, more particularly to the future student of bloodstock and breeding.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Savoy, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE.—Intelligent, sensitive acting by Marie Ney as the girl of the 'nineties who wanted to marry below her; Frederick Leister as the Victorian father, Eric Portman as the young man: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.—Next production at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, from September 2nd.

MAN AND SUPERMAN.—First of the plays in Charles Macdona's Shavian season. The stars are Esmé Percy and Margaret Rawlings: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. To be followed by PYGMALION, September 2nd.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding is Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Mackenzie Ward in Robert Harris's part as the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DECEIVERS.—A musical nonsense: Clifford Mollison and Charlotte Greenwood do some superb fooling; Claire Luce and Gina Malo dance and look decorative: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Kuritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE LAUGHS—!—Renée Houston is the shining star of this cheerful musical comedy with a film studio story; Laddie Cliff, Alan Kearns, Barbara Newberry are in it too: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 64.—Milne and West give another of their absurdities. Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes are in a ballet of the elements. The cast includes Geoffrey Denton, Norah Chapman, and a newcomer, Eric Barker: Windmill, 1.20—11.30 non-stop.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, abd Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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Mirth and Mystery

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A play by Samson Richardson, with Nicholas Hannen as an actor, Greer Garson as his secretary-leading lady, Moon Carroll, Mary Glynne: Globe, September 3rd.

CINEMAS

ALIAS MARY DOW.—Sally Eilers strikes lucky as a millionaire's adopted daughter, with Raymond Milland as romantic partner. Also CHINATOWN SQUAD, an underworld thriller: Capitol.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.—Will Hay as the headmaster of "Narkover" in a hilarious comedy. Gordon Harker, Jimmy Hanley, Claude Dampier, and Norma Varden are in the cast: Tivoli.

CASINO DE PAREE.—The new Al Jolson-Ruby Keeler musical. And SMART GIRL, with Ida Lupino and Kent Taylor: Plaza, to August 29th.

THE CRUSADES.—Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young and Katherine de Mille in Cecil B. de Mille's colourful spectacle of Richard Cœur de Lion's crusade to the Holy Land: Carlton.

DOOD WATER.—A Dutch talking picture, with fine pictures of the fishermen turned farmers who live by the Zuyder Zee: Academy.

FALSE FACES.—A gangster story, fast-moving and packed with thrills that give ample acting scope to Richard Arlen, Alice Brady, Virginia Bruce, and Bruce Cabot: London Pavilion.

ME AND MARLBOROUGH.—Cicely Courtneidge goes masquerading as a soldier, with Tom Walls, Ivor McLaren, Barry Mackay as supporters: New Gallery.

ONE MORE SPRING.—Screen version of the novel by Robert Nathan and directed by Henry King. Warner Baxter and Janet Gaynor teamed up once more: Rialto.

ROME EXPRESS.—The revival of one of the most popular of British talkies. It is to be followed by another famous British film, I WAS A SPY: Curzon.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—John Buchan's thriller (stars—Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll; director—Alfred Hitchcock) is now at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

TRAVELLING SALESLADY.—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell star in this comedy. Jackie Cooper is in DINKY: Regal.

WHERE 'S GEORGE?—A cheery comedy, starring Sydney Howard as the henpecked blacksmith of a Yorkshire village, who dreams of being a Wild West villain, but lives to be a Rugby League hero: Leicester Square.

WOMAN WANTED.—Starring Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea. Also CALM YOURSELF, with Madge Evans and Robert Young: Empire.

BALLET

AL FRESCO BALLETS.—With Nina Thelaide as première danseuse: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, for this week only.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT: Bach Concert, including Piano Concerto No. 3 (Harold Samuel); the violin soloists include Jelly d'Aranyi and Adila Fachiri; Noel Eadie and Percy Manchester sing.

AUGUST 29TH: Schubert Concert, with Elisabeth Schumann singing; Symphony No. 7; Conzertstück for Violin and Orchestra (May Harrison).

AUGUST 30TH: Beethoven Concert; Symphony No. 2; Piano Concerto No. 4 (Leff Pouishnoff).

AUGUST 31ST: Saturday programme, including Delius's Violin Concerto (Albert Sammons), and Walton's Façade Suite; Lælia Finneberg and John Brownlee sing.

SEPTEMBER 2ND: Wagner Concert, with Eva Turner, Mahry Dawes, Walter Widdop to sing.

SEPTEMBER 3RD: Saint-Saëns Centenary Concert; Symphony No. 3, Piano Concerto No. 4 (Pouishnoff), 'Cello Concerto (Thelma Reiss).

EXHIBITIONS

INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, from September 3rd.

NATIONAL DAHLIA SOCIETY: Horticultural Hall, September 3rd-4th.

SUMMER EXHIBITION OF OILS AND WATER-COLOURS.—John, Nash, Gill, Sickert, etc.: Redfern Gallery, Old Bond Street.

PAINTINGS BY BRITISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS.—Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's.

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Dancing to Percy Chandler's band in the pool-side ballroom every night; restaurant and pool open all night.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—Pool-side restaurant and large new swimming-pool open all night.

AMWELL CLUB, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.—Restaurant, swimming-pool, golf, tennis, and garden with children's paddling-pool and fountains.

BIRCH HOTEL, Haywards Heath.—Picturesque swimming-pool with improved type of filtration and lovely garden.

BLUE POOL, Camberley.—Restaurant, swimming, lovely surroundings; ideal for sun-bathing.

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming—but a smuggler's den!

KING'S HEAD, Horsham.—Although installed with modern equipment, still has the 1401 atmosphere; renowned for its cellars and genuine old-fashioned English fare.

MORRELL'S, West Wickham.—Dine and dance in the "Garden of England," nightly cabaret. Merlin Morgan and his music; swimming.

YE OLDE BELL HOTEL, Hurley, Berks.—Tennis, golf, fishing, boating and bathing. Fully licensed and under personal supervision.

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Peter North

Joan Alicia Goulding

A July engagement was that of Joan Alicia Goulding, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goulding, of Foxgrove House, Beckenham, Kent, who is to marry Arthur Leonard Brewis, of Tower House, Bromley, Kent

Navana

Psyche Altham

Is engaged to George Sheffield, son of Sir Berkeley and Lady Sheffield, of Normanby Park, Scunthorpe; she is the only daughter of Captain E. Altham, R.N., and Mrs. Altham, of Little Shelford, Cambs

Fayer of Vienna

Desirée Maclean

Is the daughter of the late A. J. Maclean, Colonial Civil Service, and Mrs. Maclean, of 27, Argyll Mansions, Chelsea; she announced her engagement last month to Virgil Pomfret, of Mystole, near Canterbury, Kent

Hay Wrightson

Barbara Mary Homer

Is engaged to Flight-Lieut. Donald F. Fletcher, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fletcher, of Eastbourne; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. W. Homer, of Seathwaite, Sheringham, Norfolk

Kay Vaughan

Muriel Betty Hobson

Is the daughter of H. O. Hobson, of Le Touquet, and Mrs. Hobson, of 46, FitzGeorge Avenue, W.14, and is going to marry Arthur Basil Scott, son of the late Dr. A. W. Scott, and Mrs. Scott, of 6, Taptonville Road, Sheffield

Kay Vaughan

Bridget Herbert

Is the daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert, and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, of Pixton Park, Dulverton, Somerset, and is to marry Captain Allaster Edward Grant, late 9th Lancers, son of the late Sir Charles and Lady Florence Grant, in October

Lafayette

Esmé Levy

Is engaged to Robert Edgar, son of the late E. S. Edgar, and Mrs. Edgar, of 48, Albert Court, S.W.7; she is the youngest daughter of Sir Albert and Lady Levy, of Elstead, Surrey, and Devonshire House, W.1

Tunbridge

Joan Wesley

Has announced her engagement to Flight-Lieut. Harold G. Adams, son of Mrs. George Adams, of Esher, Surrey; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wesley, who live at East Molesey, Surrey

Susan Stewart-Liberty

Is the eldest child of Capt. and Mrs. Ivor Stewart-Liberty, of The Lee Manor, Bucks, and is being married to-morrow (29th) to John Bernard Cowdy, third son of the late Edward Cowdy, and Mrs. Cowdy, of Summer Island, Loughgall, Co. Armagh

Tunbridge

Christine Sage

Is the daughter of Norman Sage, of Old Southgate; her engagement has recently been announced to J. D. Beale, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Beale, who live at Winchmore Hill, N.21

Kay Vaughan

Leonore Somerville

Is engaged to John Elliott Phillips, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Phillips, of the Grange, Eastwood, Nottingham; she is the daughter of the late Charles Somerville, and Mrs. Somerville, of Lincoln House, Basil Street, S.W.

Bassano

Ida Leitch

Is engaged to Sir Philip Wombwell, son of the late Captain Frederick Wombwell, and Mrs. Stanford Booth, of Leam, Ringwood, Hants: her parents are Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Leitch, of Branksome Park, Bournemouth, and Belfast

Jago — Morris

Lieut. John de F. Jago, R.N., elder son of Mr. W. W. R. Jago, of Johannesburg, and Mrs. Jago, of 84, Beaufort Mansions, S.W., leaving St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, with June Ellen Terry Morris. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Terry Morris, and a great-niece of the late Ellen Terry

O'Keeffe — Malcomson

Randal Stephen O'Keeffe and Eileen Malcomson, who were married in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Ashley Place, Westminster. The bridegroom is a nephew of the High Commissioner for Rhodesia

Kellett — Phillips

Lieut. William Basil Kellett, R.N., and Audrey Evelyn, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Phillips, of Collingham Gardens, S.W., after their wedding at Chelsea Old Church. The bridegroom is the son of the late William Oswald Kellett, and of Mrs. Kellett, of Sefton House, Lathom

Fuller — Garrard

Lieutenant D. H. Fuller, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller, K.C.B., and Lady Fuller, and Ruth Henrietta, twin daughter of Major and Mrs. S. H. Garrard, Welton Place, Daventry, were married at Welton Parish Church. The bridegroom's people live at Douthwaite Hall, Yorks

Balfour — Thompson-Riddle

David John Balfour and Beatrice Thompson-Riddle after their wedding. They were married quietly at the Chapel Royal, Savoy

Barrett — Stonor

Lieut. D. H. B. Barrett, R.N., leaving St. Mary's Church, Cadogan Street, S.W., with Evelyn Mary, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Francis Stonor, of Maryland, Ascot. The bridegroom is the only son of Major F. W. Barrett and the late Hon. Mrs. Barrett, of Wroughton Hall, Wilts

Morgan — Besson

Herbert Llewellyn Morgan and Joan Pauline, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Besson, of Salthill, Co. Dublin, were married at St. Anne's Church, Dawson Street, Dublin. The bridegroom is the son of Sir Herbert Morgan, of the Firs, Tylers Green, Penn, Buckinghamshire

Lonsdale — Lyall

Lieutenant Rupert Lonsdale, R.N., only son of Captain Philip Lonsdale and Mrs. Lonsdale, of Crowthorne, Berks, and Christina Marion Lyall leaving St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens, S.W. The bride is the daughter of Mr. G. H. Lyall and Dame Beatrix Lyall, of Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.

Ohlson — Roosmale-Cocq

Sir Eric Ohlson and Marjorie Roosmale-Cocq, whose marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover Square. Sir Eric is the elder son of the late Sir Erik Ohlson, and of Lady Ohlson, who lives at Belvedere, Scarborough

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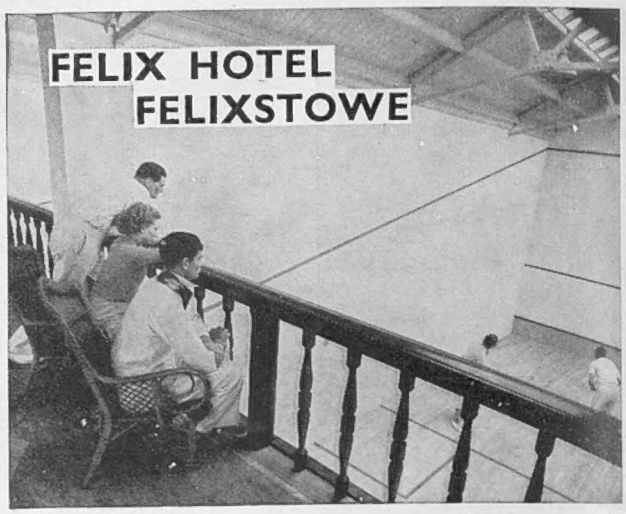
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